
TEMPTATION

CHRISTINE R

Chapter One

My name is Christine. I am a 41-year-old wife and mother. If they were asked about it, people who know our family and me would probably call me a prim and proper wife. I'm cultured, moral, modest, wholesome, virtuous ... in a word, chaste. And that is the kind of woman I have tried to be for most of my life. They call me such because I do not miss going to church on Sundays and other days of obligation; and more so, because I have made the virtues of purity and propriety as unwritten rules to be carefully honored, at home and in the community. The truth is that decency and being a virtuous woman with high morals really does matter to me; these really are things that I care about.

On a scale of 1-10, it appears that most men and women who know me rate my sexual attractiveness as about a '7'. No matter, the fact is that I do take care to dress appropriately and act demurely, as a proper woman should.

I stand 5 feet 7 inches tall; weigh 128 lbs, brown-haired and blue-eyed. And I have been blessed further with smooth skin and a well-

formed figure. The nature of my bosom is such that it is rather difficult to downplay.

I'm so proud of my son, a handsome young teenager named Albert. He's a polite, courteous kid whose good manners he'd obviously inherited from his mother. (Forgive my prideful slip.) He is 18. Still, the big growth spurt with that age hasn't hit him yet. He still stands at only about 5' 7" tall. That does make him not an inch taller than me yet. He has a very sweet personality, very thoughtful, and amazingly mature and discreet, far beyond his years; and he's dark-haired and blue-eyed, too, like his mother.

My husband Mark is a good family man and provider and not bad in bed, or was anyway. Suffice it to say that we are a happy family with a nice house living in a relatively comfortable community.

There is one thing I have to say. Just because a wife is doing her best to be a woman of virtue does not make her a living saint as some people may think. Inside the Sunday dress she wears is a typical woman, with needs and sexual fantasies too. To remain prim

and proper though she keeps her physical expressions under the tightest possible control, but not necessarily her private fantasies.

And so here I am, a role model wife and mother, or so they say. No one in the neighborhood would ever suspect me of visiting erotic sites in the Internet, like Literotica.com, but I do of course, only when no one is watching. I must maintain my standing with the community.

* * *

One recent morning while I was cleaning my son's room, putting in order his disorderly stuff, I saw a white full-length cotton robe underneath his sheets. It was my robe. I was puzzled. How did that get here? I remember putting the gown in the laundry hamper the night before. And why in the world would it be in here anyway? Not suspecting anything further, I took it with me to the hamper to await the next washing.

I would have dismissed the discovery altogether if not for another one. Soon after, on another morning, I once more found a full-length silk robe of mine in his room, this time my pink one. That was the one I'd just slipped out from just about an hour earlier, before my son left.

I didn't take it with me to the hamper just yet this time but decided instead to ask my son later what on earth he wanted from my used private clothing. I decided to try to learn a bit more about this first just the same.

When he came home late afternoon, I allowed him to get some rest for some time before carrying out my planned "offensive." I would need to catch him, however, so to speak, before he could return the housecoat to my hamper. And to that, I remained vigilant watching his bedroom door.

The time for my "offensive" came. As a pre-emptive act, I didn't knock at his door when I entered his room. That was a mistake. Was I ever in for the shock of my life.

The scene was stunning, to say the least! What I saw was not for the hypertensive or the weak of heart. My handsomely gorgeous teen-aged son was lying on his bed masturbating, his mother's long robe covering his naked body. The scene looked like he was trying to heighten his sexual climax by carefully devouring every square inch of the gown, appearance, touch, scent, everything.

I managed to utter a quick apology before withdrawing and hurriedly closed the door, stunned and breathless.

My mind was awlirl, my legs quivering and about to buckle. I felt so weak that I had to hold on to something to keep upright. If my clothing were not involved, I would have been a good deal less stunned over what I'd just seen. Or at least, I thought it was reasonable enough to handle it satisfactorily, even if it was well outside of what I considered appropriate boundaries.

In any case, however, I immediately made the missing connection. It could only mean that my son was harboring sexual fantasies towards his mother. He was apparently making his mother's recently used clothing into a fetish of some sort, directing his sexual

energy to it and to the traces of his mother on it, her scent and body heat. And as far as I was concerned then, it was wrong!

I began rehearsing a dialogue on how to talk about it with my son. As I did, it flashed into my mind that he might have thought I failed to recognize my clothing anyway. And so, I decided not to talk about it for the time being.

Masturbation is held, after all, in the general public's mind, to be a normal thing, especially for adults anyway whether male or female. Therefore, there need not be a fuss about it. Chidingly, I reminded myself, I even do it myself, for heaven's sake.

Come dinner time, Albert told us he'd come down later. Obviously, to avoid embarrassment was the reason behind it.

The next day, when I was about to do the laundry, my pink robe was back at the hamper, with additions. The stains of my son's ejaculations were there for me to see and touch.

A sudden sexual tingling enveloped my body. The thought of my son ejaculating in my just taken off private clothing, my body heat and scent still in it was, to my mind, very sexy. I abandoned the laundry stuff and soon found myself in my bed, wrapped in the unwashed, long robe that my son had sprayed with his potent sperms the night before, participating in a very private, sensual behavior.

The touch of the silk was erotic. It seemed now as if I could feel the intensity of my son's youthful passion as he'd heatedly ravished my article of private clothing. For myself, I began masturbating in the same unwashed gown as hotly as my son had probably done, if not more so.

Spreading and writhing obscenely, my robed body began to perspire as my fingers neared my pussy. My mouth opened and expelled a loud gasp as my finger touched lightly against the wet flesh along my clitoris.

Using my finger, I made rhythmic in and out strokes while my left hand wandered up beneath my robe playing with my erect nipples.

My thighs began to tremble, tightening and untightening as my steadily probing finger drove me to still higher states of arousal.

When my heated body was about to explode my legs straightened and spread further apart, curling my toes and feeling the silky robe tease my thighs and calves into sensual awareness.

"My God! I'm... I'm...coming...almost there...Oohhhhh!"

When I exploded, my quivering ass rose up in the air. I must have remained jerking about like that for a full minute as I crossed the peak of one of the most ecstatic orgasms ever to hit my body.

When my ass finally fell back to bed, my body wouldn't stop jerking. My ass continued to shake, my crack spasming with sensual aftershocks.

I felt guilty when it was over, very guilty. I knew so well that two wrongs do not make a right. Yet I had done it, the second wrong. For hours, my prim and proper self couldn't fathom the reason why, nor was it very pleased with me.

Because guilt and sexual spasms lorded it over my mind and body I failed to do the laundry that day. I decided to do the washing the next day.

Come evening at dinner time Albert couldn't look directly at me. The poor kid was so obviously embarrassed. I wasn't much more able to look directly at him either. If only he knew that I too had done what he had. My shame and private embarrassment was beyond measure.

We clumsily and uncertainly did our best to carry on with life as usual as I didn't bother to mention anything to my son even before his father came home. All the while my husband was totally oblivious to what was in the minds of his wife and son in front of him.

After dinner I went to my hamper to throw in more clothes for washing when I noticed something odd. Would I be in for another shock of my life, the second in a row in 24 hours. The still unwashed robe that my son and I had shared sexually was missing. Almost instantly erotic chills ran down my spine.

Powerful sexy thoughts of my son jerking off in our sexually-shared housecoat, after doing it myself earlier in the day, flooded my mind. If not for the equally powerful feeling of guilt I could have quietly walked into my son's bedroom door to watch him and do it with him.

Guilt, however, sternly told me to run to the bathroom and douse my heating up body with running water.

True to form the shower made my body and mind fresh and clean. But not for long. I hurriedly rushed back to the laundry room to check and, luckily, was not disappointed. The robe of seduction was back, reeking with sex. As I buried my face in it I noticed that

the scent of my creamed body was still very much in it, however, mixing with my son's masculine scent.

Without bothering to check on who could have noticed me I locked myself in the laundry room, tore off whatever clothing was in my body, slipped in the silky robe of seduction and intensely masturbated in it, standing with my back against the wall.

The sensuality of it was intense. I found myself into the thought of my son sucking my breasts and massaging my crack as my body was feeling the sensual touch of the sexy silk wrapped around it.

As I furiously fingered myself, the image of Albert's youthful hard cock in his mother's love nest made my climax far more real, filling and fulfilling me with his potent eruptions.

My body shook like I could hear thunder crashing over me when I deliriously felt the touch of silk tight under my bottom as my own finger pushed the seductive clothing through it.

When it was over, my body, with the love-battered robe still hanging loosely over it, was lying on the floor, moaning and hips jerking spasmodically.

* * * * *

I went to church the next Sunday, still, as prim and proper as a wife of my stature would be, notwithstanding the evil actions that I had done. No one, absolutely no one, knew, or will ever know, of the sick fantasies my son and I had shared in my private clothing.

One late night, the erotic stories I'd been reading would not leave my thoughts. sleep eluded me. As my tired, hard-working husband snored away his body's fatigue, I slipped into a robe to cover my pantied-only body and went down to the study to read more newly submitted stories of the same sort, covering various genres.

They were all coarse stories, using words that made me squirm most uncomfortably. But oh, the tales they told in spite of that! As usual now, reading them made me so horny.

As I read with passion, I slipped out of my white panties and nakedly started pleasuring myself. In less than a minute, I was fast approaching a mighty orgasm that I knew could quite possibly make me fall from my chair. Almost there, I was startled at the last moment to hear footsteps coming down the stairway.

However frustrating it was, I immediately closed the webpage, put my robe back around myself, and rushed out of the study, expecting to meet who I thought was going to be my husband.

I was stunned to see Albert, my son, instead on his way to the laundry room. He looked like a budding Adonis in his gray shorts and t-shirt. Even in that dimly lit juncture, Albert's attire revealed in outline his developing manhood quite clearly. He was equally surprised to see me in his darkened path, as he thought I was already fast asleep.

Instantly, I knew what he was up to. He was out to get his fetish, another of my dirty robes. He wanted to feel what was left of my body heat on it.

His youthful face could not conceal his surprise and disa[oi]ntment over his suddenly altered change of plans. How I wished I allowed him to take his fetish before I went out of the study. But then how would I know that it was him?

He stammered trying to explain to me what he intended to do at the laundry room at that ungodly hour. As he stuttered about, I was horrified to remember my panties had been left lying on the study room floor. I was so quietly thankful it was my son and not my husband who'd come down. I'd surely have been in deep trouble were it Mark, especially if he were to have tumbled upon those discarded panties.

After quietly exchanging a few quiet words of social greeting, I began quizzing the young man there in the darkened hallway. Due to the stillness of the night we were careful to talk in low voices, something that wittingly or otherwise intensified the aura of sex in the air.

Not a few would say that a mother and her son, both scantily dressed as we were and trapped in a darkened corner of the house, was only for the fantasy books. Yet, me and my son were exactly that at the moment.

I, his mother, just a few feet away from his obvious anatomy, was in even less proper apparel. I was in my long white silk robe with nothing underneath. My defenseless womanhood could have been so easily contacted or penetrated by any horny animal, had there been one around. Luckily, it was a courteous, polite, and somewhat distraught young man that was the only male animal present.

I tried to play down the sexual tension building up by taking the chance to ask him what he had been doing to my clothing.

"Let's have a talk for a while, shall we?"

"Sure, Mom."

I swayed my hips towards the living room, my hands tightly clasped at my sheer robe. He followed, side by side with me with his right hand around my waist. Such a gesture was nothing new to us but, for an unexplained reason, it felt unusual to me that night.

"Have a seat, young man."

"Anything important, Mom?"

I really wasn't prepared for an intense verbal confrontation; so I was forced to engage him in small talk while silently rehearsing in the back of my mind, dialogues of my theme. Once sorted out, and taking a deep breath to settle myself, I turned to more significant matters. Finally, I took a seat in a chair opposite where he was seated, facing him.

"Any good reason you can tell me for heading down to the laundry at this hour?" I asked, careful to keep it in a whisper.

"Just probably the reason why you're here," he quietly joked, smiling, rather obviously trying to fend off his uncomfortableness over the item. He surprised me with his apparent composure.

"I was in the study playing with the computer. I heard someone coming down. I thought it was your dad."

"Then jumped out, scared that Dad might see you chatting with someone in the YM?"

Hm, for a kid, he's sure cocky with his comebacks, I thought to myself.

"I don't use the computer for chatting. Not my cup of tea."

"Good. Very good then."

"Why'd you say that?"

"Nothing," he replied, coyly shaking his head.

"What if I do?"

Our eyes met as we shared a suppressed giggle before we resumed talking. Our quiet whispers returned to the mundane however. We remained at that visual face-off for sometime and quite loaded by then with sexual implications as we chatted quietly in soft voices.

"Hey Mom, what really makes you awake at this time?"

"Why do you ask? Dissapointed that you failed to get something from the laundry?"

"Well, ummmm...just asking."

"What if I let you get it now, would you?"

"Ahhh, errrr, ummmm...what is it?"

"Don't know. It was you who was headed there."

A brief pause followed after which, for an obvious reason, we giggled together.

I rose to my feet and went over to the couch to sit beside him. That seemed to be the right thing to do at this time as his gazes started to wander around my scantily covered anatomy like his eyes had x-rays with them. But it was not before I went over the counter to pour drinks for us. It was a good way, I thought, to calm our nerves.

Now seated beside him, me on his left, we seemed to be almost invariably drawn to each other. In the resulting closeness, our legs pressed together lightly as we sat there side by side.

Before I could avoid it, Albert slowly but firmly welded the entire length of his left leg with mine. I made no attempt to move my lap away as I didn't want to embarrass him. I knew anyway that the touch of my robe was his fetish. More so with my leg in it, live and jerking.

The light pressing of our legs at first seemed to be a normal thing, at least to me. When it lingered and hardened, the friction started to quicken my sexual sensitivity.

We remained quiet while sipping booze and, after sometime, his leg lightly rubbed mine vertically. Unconsciously, I responded and did the same.

The rubbing and swaying of our legs plus the sexual arousal building up in me was not good for keeping my robe together in discreet and proper fashion. I had to hold on to it to keep it from falling open.

And oh, the rubbing, swaying and light jerking of our legs continued. The setting was soooo erotic. It was that of a mother and son in the dark, playing footsie in a love seat.

A natural feeling of guilt made me contemplate not to allow myself to be carried away with such lingering footsie with my own son. But the sensations were too good to stop as the friction between our legs was turning sensuously hotter by the minute.

Then to add to the quandary at that juncture, I swear I saw a tent begin rising up in my son's shorts. Shamelessly, I was hardly doing any better. God, was I getting wet.

Our conversation rather faltered, neither of us seeming to be thinking very clearly somehow.

"Mom ..."

"Yesss ..."

"You're ... ummm."

"Whhatt? ..."

"I mean...you know...pretty."

"Oh yeah?..."

"Sure, you are."

"Thank you. But, you Know what?"

"What?"

"Oh, none...nothing."

Once more we shared a suppressed giggle as we both stammered. Our legs, still erotically glued together, continued to rub and lightly sway. Words failed us both. With my sitting across no longer distracting him, he was able to raise his vision to my face. He looked me gently in the eye. I responded in kind. And then, it stayed that way. Our eyes remained locked together, lingering and wordless even as we continued sipping our drinks.

Human breathing was the only sound in the still of the night. The locked gazes strongly affected the internal goings-on in our bodies, or at least in my body.

When the eyelock broke my stare dropped at my son's hard-on, straining within his shorts. I was sure he knew about it. What he didn't know perhaps was the presence of a sexual resonance. He was hard while his mother, sitting beside him, was wet beneath her robe.

From the looks of it it seemed we both had discarded whatever morals was developed in our psyche. Had the love-battered robe

that we sexually shared in separate private moments caused it? It would seem that it did.

Soft and breathy whispers resumed. If someone happened to be eavesdropping on us from an unintelligible distance, he would have jerked-off right then and there in the dark just listening to what he would imagine as "love whispers."

We were both undoubtedly aroused in our love seat. My son beside me was hard all throughout our chat, his leg swaying with my covered lap. Me on the other hand was gasping between words.

"Mom?"

"Yesss."

"Did you know that, that..."

"That, ahhh, what?"

"That, I've been using your..."

"You've been using my, ahhh, what?"

"Your, your..."

"My what?"

"Your... you know,"

"No, I don't. Say it...I want to know."

"That I've been using your, kinda, feminine scent?"

Disappointment poured over me for failing to hear what I wanted him to say.

"What is, ahhh, the use of my scent?"

"I like, your scent, especially when cream is blended with the natural scent of your body."

"And, ahhh, what then?"

"Mom, you may not realize it but your body scent gets in the way."

"Of what?"

"I, can't, say it."

"Say it, please."

"It's, the scent of your body..."

"What of it? Is it, ahhh, offensive?"

"No, of course not. I just said I like it."

"So then, ahhh, it gets in the way of your what?"

He paused for a while before carefully saying,

"Of, my, private senses."

I feigned surprise, causing a short pause.

"Can you, ahhh, share with me, how it does?"

"When, your scent gets in the way of my senses...I do wrong things."

"Like?...Ahhh."

"My, attraction to your body scent, kinda makes me do it, in your, in your..."

"In my, ahhh, what?"

How I wished he'd say it, although I already knew it.

"Mom?"

"Yesss."

"Please understand, that I am, maturing."

"Ahhh, of course I do."

My heart was beating fast and my breathing getting heavier as I waited to hear his confession. For my son to confess to me and share with me the hows and whys of his intense fetish for my recently taken-off house clothing so excited me sexually.

"I, always do it in your..."

"Ahhh, in my, ahhh, what?"

"In your...scented..."

"Ahhhh, say it, ahhh."

I was literally gasping for breath in anticipation and sexual arousal.

"Mom, I'm, afraid to say it."

"Don't be. I'm your mother, ahhh, ready to listen, ahhh, to things that disturb you."

"Thanks, Mom... You see, your body scent, as attached to your clothing, stirs my senses and, because of it - pardon my words - I always masturbate in your, in your..."

"Ahhh, ahhh, in my what? Ahhh, ahhh..."

Suddenly, the voice of my husband, his dad, calling for my name, reverberated in the stillness of the dimly-lit house. This time it really was him!

We were jolted out together from our dream-like states. The exchanging of glances broke up and our glued legs disengaged as we jumped off the love seat, me pulling my robe together with both hands like my life depended on it. It was as if it had parted entirely, even though actually it really wasn't at all.

Probably, what I was trying to do was to transform the article of seduction into a robe of righteousness and, at that moment, the sooner the better.

My son scampered around the counter to conceal the recalcitrant hard-on tenting his shorts, not from his mother's view, who herself was actually blocking it with her tensely shaking bottom, but from the view of his approaching, and apparently suspicious, father.

As my grim-faced husband marched nearer, the fear (and I confess, the thrill) of getting caught scantily-dressed in the dark with my son, coupled with the sexual heat evoked by our erotic flirt,

brought me to something absolutely shocking, something I'd never anticipated," an unexplained orgasm! Not big, as orgasms go, but no mere tingle either.

It was a strange, shockingly surprising but wonderful sensation. My body throbbed; and under my robe, female juices coursed down my thankfully covered inner thighs.

I could feel silk being sucked into my pulsing crack as it reacted, mostly from the fear and partly from the thrill. My legs buckled almost uncontrollably.

Albert, who was now right behind me, realized my predicament and tried to steady me, taking me by the shoulders, which also helped prevent me from falling clear on down. Thank God, this was also how his father understood our son's action. To him, it appeared I had mis-stepped and briefly lost my balance. The other thing my husband didn't see was that our son's rigid tent was pressing at his mother's wildly throbbing ass hole through her gown.

The virtual, all but penetrating piercing of his youthful manhood back there behind me made me gasp aloud. Not only that, it stimulated further previously unrecognized erogenous zones of mine, triggering another orgasm over the trailing edge of the first one, loading even further my already massively sensually sensitized body.

For reasons beyond my ken, my husband, who was just a few feet away, seemed quite unaware to any of those wonderful sensations gripping me and my son.

Mark asked why I was not in bed. I could only answer with breathless gasps at first, as my son remained put, attached to the entire length of my behind. I tried to feign pain from a wrenched ankle, and thence, continued unsteadiness from that. Apparently, it worked. Because to my surprise, he had no questions about our flirting in the dark.

I wanted to disengage my ass from my son's hard tent for my own private decency, if nothing else. But under these circumstances, I thought it would be much too disastrous if I did.

It seemed that Mark could not recognize the young man's attire, what with his mother's body eclipsing his and, yes, thankfully the darkened room. Whatever or however it came to be, my son and I continued to quietly, privately, enjoy the spasms of nerve-racking, forbidden but fabulous sensations, even as we stood there like this before his dad.

When I was back to myself at last, I wasn't sure if I should quietly thank my husband for unwittingly preventing what could have unnaturally happened or curse him for aborting an edgy but sexy splendor in the dark. Whichever, his interruption had come just in time; the chaste lady of virtue inside me was sure of that. Not that it prevented our shamelessness internally, but at least the cherished virtue of my female privates had not been violated by the foulest of penetrations.

The fears, aftershocks and bewilderment came and went. The confrontation concluded without violence, and we all returned to our resting places and slept the balance of the night away.

My son and I never talked afterward of the sexual near miss. An obvious after effect though was our becoming closer together, emotionally as well as physically. We continued with our lives as usual, apart from those newly discovered sensuous hugs and playful touches, that I dismissed as just parts of his maturing self and my being a sweet mother to him.

On occasions, when his father wasn't too close around the house, Albert and I would find ourselves invariably, but embarrassingly, stealing glances at each other. Especially, fleeting glances at quite inappropriate body parts, his and mine.

When at one time he was walking behind me as I prepared to go up to my bedroom in my night clothes, I had the feeling that he was watching the sway of my ass.

When I suddenly looked back to stare at him he turned around in embarrassment. But not before my stare had dropped at his hard-on tenting his shorts.

Except perhaps for coy smiles, or a wry hint of acknowledgment in the looks on our faces, nothing was openly talked about.

I still remained prim and proper and went to church on Sundays. Nowhere in even the dirtiest part of my mind flashed the possibility of the fulfillment of a sick, sexual fantasy that my son and I continued to share in our separate private moments through the erotic touch of our mutual "love clothing."

It was really hard to explain why my son continued his fascination with my particular pink robe when he had not seen me doing it in my private moments. By contrast I always knew each time he jerked off with it and, of course, my sexual response that would follow it.

I prepared myself though for unlikely eventualities, casting scenarios, then trying to identify solutions that might solve them.

Such as, if the games we were playing were to unwittingly go untamed, what would I do then? I decided I'd definitely stop them at playful kissing and touching, allowing nothing beyond that. But those various sorts of calculations were all blunders. We, or at least I, should have not played at all.

I never thought that "harmless" touches and naughty but trivial glances could turn so hot that my son and I would end up in an unforeseen mating, the passion of which would turn into an absolute frenzy in ways I had never entered into before. How it happened is the story that follows this chapter.

Chapter Two

It was strange yet so wonderful a feeling to reach an orgasm from the mere blending of fear and sexual arousal. My son and I were sitting so close together, scantily dressed and talking in whispers, when my husband's voice suddenly echoed in the four corners of the darkened house.

The sexual tension between us was so intense when we jumped off the love seat and stood in fear as my husband approached. The initial tingling sensation that slowly welled in my loins started to swell rapidly as he neared us until I exploded standing. It was a sensation that I never thought existed. The feeling was both ecstatic and delirious.

My son Albert took me by the shoulders when the peak of the orgasm made me too weak to remain standing. The "rescue" caused a head on collision of our erogenous zones. Almost at impact, my son's rock-hard tent pulsed together with my anal muscles through my thin robe thus intensifying the orgasm, littering tiny bits of punctures all over my sensitive body.

Albert used to feel sexual gratification from whatever remained of his mother's body heat through her unwashed clothing. It goes, therefore, that his gratification was more intense at that moment. For it were not just the traces of his mother's sexuality that pleased him at that moment. It was the sexual object itself, his mother, her ass in rapid spasms while glued at his rock-hard penis through her sheer robe.

We were on cloud nine gripping with sensuality never before felt when my husband, his dad, started to grill me just a few feet from where we stood, our legs shaking in a blending of fear and pleasure.

"What the hell do you think you are doing down here at this goddamn time of the night, Christine? Why aren't you in bed?" he harshly asked.

I could only utter breathless gasps and panicky words as me and my son were putting forth whatever was left of our strength in trying

to suppress the uncontrollable wiggling of our attached hypersensitive zones.

"Haahhh....I...can't...can't sleep ...I..."

"Why? What the hell is happening to you?"

I shook my head to mean "nothing." Words would not come out of my mouth for fear of stammering.

"For Christ sake, Christine! Just tell me what's going on."

"None...nothing..." I finally managed to utter with heavy breathing. He continued quizzing me on things I could not recall, as my body was at that moment entangled in sexual chaos with my son. I could only recall his stern order telling me to go to bed, "now and I mean now!" His order was in no uncertain terms. The words were harsh. Thanks heaven he couldn't see the synchronized and wonderfully felt spasms in my bottom, over my robe and under it.

My behind was still glued with my son's front when my husband turned his back to us. The young man was still hard and would not disengage from his mom's throbbing ass. When his dad suddenly looked over his shoulder I pulled off instantly. The break was so sudden that if only Mark looked back another time he would see the jerking of his son's steep tent in his boxers that just seconds earlier was twitching like crazy in his mother's robed crack.

Although Mark didn't ask Albert anything or anything about him that night it was easy to detect his suspicion. I was sure he didn't take the scene lightly. Mark was no moron. He was such a smart guy that a person's strange or unusual behavior would not escape his notice. Times were there when his jealousy made me uncomfortable. He was jealous of his own buddies, my son's buddies and virtually every male creature that happened to take a second look at me or at us.

Thank God he didn't drop by his study room or hell would have broken loose. I followed him upstairs but not before successfully retrieving my panties left lying under his desk. With my son's

hardness so obvious in his tight shorts and my panties left lying on the floor, no right-thinking husband would think right anymore.

The flirt with incest emboldened Albert to play "harmless" games with his mother, something he never did before. Whatever euphemism I'd use to describe them would all lead to the same thing. They were all but virtuous and moral. Albert, however, would stay within the bounds of propriety knowing my awareness to it. Did I say propriety? Oh my God, people sitting next to me in church would surely think I had a terrible command of the English language if they came to know of the "harmless" games my son and I were playing.

Albert and I hugged each other for whatever occasion we could make an excuse for, turning each hug into a tight embrace, invariably linking our bellies and thighs together longer than necessary. When a boner swelled between our bellies we went for it and enjoyed the sensation but not one of us would make mention of it or would poke fun at it. We used to part ways painfully suppressing the sexual sparks in our loins.

It would sound funny to hear me say that my son and I were playing harmless games within the bounds of propriety. The games were faultless, we kept insisting quietly to ourselves. Faultless? Then we didn't have the need to conceal the acts from anyone. But no, that was not to be. We both jumped off a love seat each time a car would roar up the driveway. Why else if not for the fear of getting caught sitting close together, flirting and sexually aroused. And to think that we had claimed, at least to ourselves, that we always were within the bounds of the so-called propriety. Wouldn't that sound funny?

Albert always tested my moods first whenever he attempted to sit by my side. When he saw it clear in every front, he'd sit beside me or would take position to lay his head on my lap. Like any typical mom it was hard for me to tell him to get off me, let alone push him off my lap, a part of me that happened to be an erogenous zone. There really was no choice but to allow his head roll over my lap even if it risked the quickening of my sexual sensitivity.

Behind the sexual undertones of the "harmless" games we played was the annoying feeling of guilt that, like the proverbial sword of Damocles, kept hanging over our heads. One good thing that resulted, however, from that common feeling was the compliance to an unwritten rule, a directive that stopped us from crossing the danger line. It was a rule that neither one of us had imposed but to which we both complied with anyway. At least until fate went to follow its course.

I'd be lying if I'd say I did not enjoy the pretense. The charade quickened my sexuality and it seemed to offer a new lease to my womanhood. The games at times would drive me to my bedroom then come out weak, exhausted and disheveled, reeling from intense pleasure, the intensity of which could hardly be matched by marital sex.

It was the moment of truth one Friday night. My husband usually came home on Fridays a little late, either for reasons of business or a night out for relaxation with buddies. My son and I were alone

together at home that fateful night. After dinner, Albert in his casual tight shorts and shirt went to sit beside me while I watched a musical program on television. I wore a long, light-blue silk nightgown with thin shoulder straps and only my white panties underneath. I enjoyed watching the program as it featured the 60's trio, The Lettermen. I wasn't sure if the trio on screen were still the originals although the songs they rendered on television were the same songs I used to hear when I was in grade school.

"Can I join you, Mom?" Albert asked softly, almost touching my left ear.

"You can but you may not," I kidded.

"May I join you?"

"Do I have a choice?" I asked smirking at him.

He kissed my cheek before running to the bathroom. He came back with the wide sky-blue towel that I used to wrap around my torso after each shower. What on earth he wanted to do with it I didn't bother to ask. We watched the trio on TV and listened to the old songs that I was sure Albert did not appreciate. He just wanted to have an excuse to sit beside me and rub his leg with mine.

"The sounds are romantic, Mom."

"I never thought you knew the meaning of that word."

"Sure I do. I've read about Romeo and Juliet and all that stuff."

"Oww, come on. Those stuff are only for academics. They are not what I would have in mind with the mention of that word."

"Pitt and Jolie?"

"Not even that. I'd like to remember the real romantics as portrayed by that trio on the screen. Things like...red roses for a blue lady. But, oh well, those were the days. Today, a guy lays his girl in bed pronto. And they'd call it romance."

Laughing out loud, Albert spread the wide terry cloth on our laps to cover our lightly rubbing legs, mine crossed left over right. He explained that the night was getting a little cold. "Sure it is" I said, sarcastically though. The night was not really getting cold, that was the truth. A bit later, however, fleeting glances at the squirming movements emanating from beneath the terry cloth made me see flashes of eroticism.

A story I once read in Literotica suddenly flashed into my mind. It was about a mother and son quietly masturbating together under a blanket covering their jerking laps while watching a soft porn movie, with living room lights off. Both came with neither of them wanting the other to know.

I tried mightily to get my mind off it and listen instead to the melodious songs by the Lettermen on television. But the wicked

thoughts about the story and how it drew its parallel with me and Albert just wouldn't get out of my mind, what with our grinding hips and legs under cover of cloth. Christ, just glancing at that uneasy piece of terrycloth covering our laps ignited sensuality, at least in my mind. And there I was talking of red roses for a blue lady.

Out of nowhere the thought of my son's fetish, his enjoyment to the feel of any apparel that touched his mother's body suddenly invaded my already sex-wrapped mind. It added tiny pinches to my hardening nipples that were then already straining my nightgown, almost to the point of popping out of it. I could feel the drenching of my panties.

Albert put his right arm over my shoulder and played with my gown's thin strap. Soon, he was caressing my tickly bare shoulder causing my ass to squirm in the couch, stirring up more jerks beneath the terry cloth covering our lower bodies.

My usual attempt to stop him was to grab his fingers with mine and slide them away in very slow steps in a way not to offend him. For some reason, I failed to do it this time. Instead, I turned my face

towards his with an expressive albeit pleading look hoping he'd understand. Yes, he did but remained defiant as he continued caressing my shoulder.

"Albert, I know you're just playing but your dad won't understand it. He is not like us. He is, his car will be pulling up in a minute."

"Don't worry, Mom. I mean no harm. I'm just fascinated and caught up by your being such a feminine mother, nothing more."

"I can understand that. But your dad won't. He may be barging in through that door any minute and we'll both be in deep trouble."

"For what?"

"Haven't you noticed his sarcasms and insinuations about us? Our physical closeness to each other does not escape his notice. You know how smart your old man is, don't you?"

"Yes I know he is smart, but we are much smarter," he smiled. "We won't get caught."

"My God, Albert, watch your choice of words," I said, trying to sound offended.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I...humm...I..."

"You're what?"

"Just...you know...kidding."

We turned speechless gazing into each other for a few seconds before both gazes dropped to each other's mouths. The gazes inexplicably lingered causing an ambiance that was mixed with passion and awkwardness to hang over us. My alert mind immediately sounded the alarm bells. Rightly so, but the sensuous part of me would not seem to muster the necessary interest to intently heed the warning.

"Your...your dad won't be happy... to see me with you this way."

"He won't see us."

Gazes shot back into each others eyes. Our voices were low and breathy, almost drowned by the melodious songs of the Lettermen from the TV set.

"That... doesn't make it right, does it?"

"Trust me, Mom. I'm just...just..."

"Just what?"

"Just trying...to be with you."

"Like this?"

"MMMMMM...yeah...like this."

We both smiled clumsily after which our gazes alternated between each others eyes and mouths. A breathy silence followed. For a moment I thought of turning my face away from his. But then my face wouldn't comply. The tide of passion was too strong to go against. Where the red roses in my mind had gone, I really would not know to this day.

Albert's finger resumed the tiny touches on my shoulder causing a tingling shock that traversed to my nipples and pussy like there were electrical fibers interconnecting each one. A stunning standoff was ensuing between my strong mind and my weak defenseless body, each trying hard not to blink in the face of the sexual tension building up.

Our uneasy gazes firmly locked to each other's trembling lips, staring with bated breaths at the gap between two pouting mouths. My pussy was literally dripping.

The gap started to close slowly, so slowly, bit by bit. My heartbeat was rising at an alarming rate. What I called a standoff had turned into a duel, a clash of desires between a sensible mind and a sensuous body. My "strong" and sensible self fought valiantly but just couldn't force the sensuous part of me to stay away from the danger line.

Fate took over. My sensible mind blinked. Sensuality pushed aside whatever sensibility was left in the other part of me. The slowly thinning gap between two ravening mouths closed. The sodden lips of a mother and son collided in a kiss, a tender kiss that would soon inflame their bodies into hedonistic abandon.

As I uncrossed my thighs our hips unevenly wriggled and our legs involuntarily intertwined causing the wide terry cloth covering our laps to slide down and fall from our knees.

The kiss was so sweet and gentle but wet with passion. My son and I tasted each other's lips, nibbled, chewed and licked them wet. I grabbed my boy's handsome face with both hands, caressed it, fondled it, feeling the sensuous touch of my own flesh and blood.

As my palms slid between our glued faces I pretended, just pretended, to cover from anyone's view the mated mouths of a mother and son, me make-believing that my hands could conceal the wicked locking of mouths from anyone watching over us, God included.

With my son's right palm now sensually caressing my shoulder, the kiss tightened as it turned juicier by the minute, fulfilling an intense sexual longing that both mother and son refused to accept through self-denials.

Our lips broke apart but remained close and lightly touching. The sound of heavy breathing was on the air. With half-closed eyes, I gazed at a thin string of saliva bridging our wet mouths, watching it as it collapsed into our chins.

We resumed the kissing, the gentleness of which had slowly eroded. The tender kiss was getting harder and deeper, slowly but deliberately in a mind-blowing crescendo until it muffled whatever moans would leak out of the seal.

With our mouths now locked so tightly together and with the sound of the Lettermen from the abandoned T.V. set singing, "The Seventh Dawn" the deepening kiss had turned us totally oblivious to anything and everything surrounding us. Fear had turned into daring. We no longer cared of a possible danger that could already be lurking in the shadows, threatening to end the lives of a mother and son committing a sin against God and man.

The music lingered on so did the steaming incestuous kiss. My caressing palms could sense the hallowing of my son's youthful cheeks as he sucked his mother's tongue into his throat, swallowing it like it was his last supper.

"...there is someone walking behind you... turn around (turn around)... look at me (look at me)..."

So went the song by The Lettermen on television. The lyrics were loud and clear for me to hear notwithstanding our passionate moment in another world. The words sounded sympathetic too as they seemed to warn us of an approaching danger.

My hands fell from between our glued faces as the kiss intensified. Albert was now kissing his mother hard, deep and ravenous, forcing my head to fall back. We kissed wildly, hands flying over heads and backs tightly, positioning for deeper kissing and tonguing.

With legs passionately intertwined, soles rubbed the other's calf as the kissing turned wild. My arms stretched up around his neck while his left hand reached down under my rumped nightgown, feeling my thighs and ass, squeezing the cheeks and caressing the crack through my soaked panties.

We broke the wild kiss to catch our breaths from the throes of death just in time. I threw my head back to take as much oxygen as I could. My breathing was heavy, so heavy. My nightgown was

totally disheveled, the thin straps of which had slid down my shoulders in the erotic scuffle.

My son, to my amazement, remained vigorous, forceful and energetic. As his left hand continued to caress my ass from under my rumpled gown, the young lover unabatedly carried on his flaming desire for his mother, licking and biting my ear followed by oral assaults all over my upper body, from my mouth and chin to my tilted neck down to my naked shoulders and nude back. The luscious mad kisses sent jolts and shivers all over my quivering body.

"Haaahhh....Haaalbert... Your dad...will...kill us...He is...he is...coming...please...stoppppp...aaaahhh."

No, my son would not stop. He untwined our legs, took position, rubbed his hands up my thighs beneath my nightgown, or whatever was left of it, and tagged at my soaked panties. I raised my butt involuntarily till my panties slid down to mid-thighs. My waist was now the only covered part of my restless body. The mad kissing went unabated licking his way down to my stomach and navel

before going up to concentrate on my exposed breast. He lapped at my nipples, nibbling and sucking them alternately while his fingers found and penetrated both my holes.

"Oh... my...Godddd!" I moaned and squealed in delight as I threw my arms at the back of my tilted head, clutching at my brown hair, arching my back to give my young lover more and easier access in pleasuring his mother who had equally turned mad if not more in the incestuous foreplay.

My lover's simultaneous attacks on my throbbing holes and hard nipples made my body shake and spasm in an incredibly powerful orgasm. My squirming butt rose from the love seat, fell back on its side, only to rise up again as if it had a mind of its own. I bit my lover's shoulder to suppress my scream of delight, a blissful scream that, if left unchecked, could scandalize us to death. I reached down to grab his rock-hard penis as I crossed the peak of pleasure trying hard to give back to him what he was giving me. I just couldn't concentrate in stroking his raging hardness because of the overpowering pleasure flooding my body.

I released his shoulder from my erotic bite, brought my slobbering mouth to his ear, nibbling it, biting it, breathing love sounds into it.

"Your dad...is...coming...Al...Albert...We..will die...aaaahhh."

"Say you love me."

"I'm your...mother"

"Say it, Mom."

"I...love...you...uhhhh"

"Whisper my name."

"Please stoppp..."

"Whisper my name."

"Al...Albert...it's too intense...please... stop..."

I was descending from the peak when my rising and falling butt hit the edge of the couch causing us to tumble down the carpeted floor. My son just wouldn't stop. He continued finger-fucking my clit and ass while his insatiable mouth renewed its attack on my nipples. I was on the carpet, bucking and twisting from the relentless sexual assaults. The attacks sent me to another blinding orgasm so powerful that I no longer cared if death followed it. I was in seventh heaven!

When I came down to earth, my now wicked body was totally limp. My usually prim and proper mind blacked out from the tremendous variety of sexual assaults from my own son. If my husband happened to barge in through the door that very moment I wouldn't

muster enough strength to get up from the carpet let alone run for my life.

With the last of the aftershocks still shaking me, my son lay on the carpet next to me. Rolling over, I took position to return the favor. I kissed and licked his hard chest, sucked his nipples, fondled and stroked his bone-hard penis. He grabbed the back of my hair pushing my head harder into his chest while he squirmed on the floor trying to feel the pleasure coming from his mother's hand and mouth.

It was at that moment when my husband's car came roaring unmistakably as it pulled up the driveway. Needless to say we both jumped up from the floor, feeling the pain of an interrupted melody of sex and sensuality. My son helped my limp body walk to safety, me wobbling to nowhere, salvaging with my left hand whatever was left of my nightgown while pulling up my ravaged panties with my right. I was virtually running for my life.

I can't recall how my unsteady self managed to reach the safety of the bathroom before Mark unlocked the door from the outside.

Neither would I know of Albert's fate at that moment. He was left behind after helping his mother waddle to safety. I would know later that he used the large towel to cover his raging hard-on from his father's view.

The scene could still have ended in violence even if my husband had seen nothing but my disheveled look, what with my son around me, his hardness tenting whatever covered it.

Mark was in a bad mood when I emerged from the bathroom in a fresh red terrycloth robe. He was quiet and unsmiling. I was too scared to start a conversation. Did he see bits and pieces at the love scene? I had no way of knowing unless he first talked. But he wouldn't and went to bed without a word. I was scared to death.

When my husband was snoring I thought of going down to clear every little piece of evidence that could have been left by the torrid love play at the living room.

Mark, although snoring doesn't sleep too deep. In one of our bedroom talks he had sternly expressed his resentment to my extra physical closeness with our son. The risk to get out of bed was therefore high but I decided to go down anyway if only to make sure that no bits of evidence were left at the love scene.

I emerged from our bedroom in a fresh, over the knee length, pink, spaghetti-strapped night dress with white panties underneath. As I quietly and carefully closed the door from the outside, my son, sneaking from a dark corner of our adjacent rooms, pulled me by the arm and pinned me on a wall just a few feet away from our bedroom door. He was half-naked with only his shorts on. He tried to catch my mouth but I would not let him this time. I tried to push him away, whispering sincere pleading words to him.

"What are you doing? Your dad is here..."

"I need you, Mom. So much...I can't wait."

"For Christ sake...please stop..."

His burning mouth ravished my face, neck and shoulders murmuring love sounds as he did. I used my belly to push away his strong body while whispering pleading words into his ear, begging him for mercy, but it only gave his right hand a quick access to my ass. His hardness was raging and red-hot.

"No way can I stop now, Mom..."

"Are you crazy?" I managed to blurt out in soft breathy words.

"I need to have you now...I waited for so long"

"Not here! uuuuhh...."

"I'll have you wherever..."

"Oh my God! Nohhhh..."

He devoured me all over, his blazing kisses going down to my clothed belly, thighs, and ass.

I managed to slip away from the young man's sexual fury and rushed to the safety of his room. He followed quickly and locked the door behind him. After a minute of futile pleading and begging he was all over me, devouring every square inch of my body. He wouldn't care less if he devoured my body parts over my nightdress or under it. He just went on ravishing his mother, unabated as he inched me to the edge of his bed.

"Albert, not now. Not here," my pleading was real. I was never so scared.

"I can't wait for tomorrow. I need you now." His breathing was as heavy as mine.

"Let me go...he...is...awake."

We fell on his bed together, rolling and wrestling. Albert wanted to make love with me. I, on the other hand, wanted and really wanted to get away not out of disgust but out of an authentic fear of getting caught. My husband was just at the next room, possibly already listening to the grapples and the breathy whispers.

My night dress had become a total mess. My panties were torn apart and hanged on my knee. His shorts were off his waist, his rock-hard penis blazing with heat. We rolled on his bed as one body, westward then eastward then back to the west. Our genitals were rubbing and about to lock together. He was on top of me.

"Please don't...it's wrong...we can kiss...we can play...we can masturbate together...but we can't do this...we shouldn't...you have to stop," I pleaded so softly, breathing the words into his ear.

"I need you, Mom. I've been yearning for this for so long now. You're so desirable, so full of sex. You are made of sex."

Nothing could stop him. Not even the sincere pleads of his mother whose resistance stemmed only from fear.

The grinding of our bodies and the roughness of it made me so hot. My own sexual arousal was fast overcoming my fear until it finally made me stop resisting. His rock-hard penis slowly but firmly penetrated my wet pussy, going deeper and deeper until his belly rested on mine, confirming that I had taken all of him inside me.

We paused for a moment save for the short jerks and humps, just feeling the tight clinging of genitals of a mother and son, the most forbidden yet the most ecstatic of all couplings. We were like animals in the dark, copulating without inhibition, without regard for human and God's nature. My own son was breeding me.

Albert began to grunt as he pounded into his mother's womb. Yes, the same womb that gave birth to him 18 years back. My quivering

ass reacted with equal vigor. It went rising and falling from the bed, meeting his thrusts with counter thrusts. The bed creaked, threatening to collapse as we copulated like two dogs in heat. We moaned and groaned into each other's ears for no one to hear, including God. The wickedness of our mating was overpowering.

The ferocity and violence of the sleazy act quickly brought us to simultaneous mind-shattering orgasms. Yes, my son and I came together. My ass squirmed uncontrollably in bed as I bit my son's shoulder blade as hard as I could in an attempt to suppress a scream that could cause our death in the hands of a jealous husband. He retaliated by inserting a finger into my ass hole then pounded his hard penis into my convulsing, clutching pussy, shooting his raging incestuous seed into his mother's cervix.

The lovemaking, if it can be called that, was animalistic, wild and untamed. Our bellies pounded and collided with such force that it was virtually impossible for the sounds of love not to penetrate the wall into the adjacent room. My sexually potent son was completely oblivious of it. He just carried on, pumping his life material into his mother, breeding me, impregnating me when, suddenly, I went stiff as a board. My whole body lifted off the bed, throwing us to our

sides as another orgasm ripped through me turning every muscle of my body tight as a rope.

"Oohhhh...! Oohhhh..."

"My God, Mom, you are a sex goddess. I... adore you..."

"Aaahhhh...aaahhhh..."

I was in absolute frenzy at that sexually intense moment as we continued pumping into each other non-stop. We locked mouths, slobbered into each other until the last of the remnants of the most powerful orgasms ever felt by any animal on earth had subsided.

After minutes of crossing the peak of pleasure, pumping, thrashing, twisting and jerking our connected bodies in the creaking bed our genitals disengaged. Our mouths, however, remained locked together until sounds of the bedroom door of the other room creaking open broke our mouths apart. The break was so sudden

that it caused a loud high pitched sigh from me. Mixed saliva spilled over our chins as we darted our stares toward the locked door overhead our intertwined bodies.

"huuuhhh...?"

"Don't...move...Mom. The door...is locked."

"I...have to go...Uhhh..."

We were breathing heavily, both from fear and from the aftermath of a torrid love play. I jumped off my son's bed, salvaging whatever was left of my nightdress and rushed near the locked bedroom door putting one ear on it to listen to the direction of footsteps.

Mark was going down the stairs obviously looking for me. He wasn't calling my name. He wanted us caught in the act. I should know because he had been harboring suspicions long before this sin of incest was committed. When the upstairs floor was cleared of my

husband, or at least when I thought it was so, I quietly and carefully unlocked my son's bedroom door and tip-toed to the next room. But not before me and my son shared a one last long passionate kiss for the night.

When Mark re-entered our bedroom, I was in the bathroom. I made the sounds of running water loud enough for him to hear. The aftershocks of the frenzied sexual intercourse in the other room still tingled my wicked body. As warm water splashed into me, I could feel the illicit but blissful mating of a mother and son minutes ago in the other room, the mad kissing, the pumping, the squirming and the flow of love mixed juices.

I touched myself thinking of the wickedness of it all. I masturbated with fury, imagining Albert joining me under the running water to make love anew with his mother, his "sex goddess," the woman he described as "made of sex." My furious fingers sent me to another orbit, making me come violently, knocking me down to my knees into the tub, shaking in sensual pleasure.

When I emerged out of the bathroom, Mark was sitting on the couch waiting for me with fiery eyes.

"Tell me what the fuck is going on, Christine?"

"What do you mean?"

"This is the second time in three hours that you came out of a bathroom after a shower. And the weather is not exactly hot. Now what's going on?"

"None...nothing...I just wanted to."

"Something is going on here, Christine..."

"Mark, please stop it. You are carried away by a jealousy, by a dirty imagination. That is what is going on."

"You don't think I'm that stupid to get jealous of a non-existing lover, do you?"

"Go to sleep," I retorted calmly.

His words were far from calm. His sarcasm was harsh. I know that he knew Albert and I had landed in bed. He just didn't see it. He couldn't express his suspicion openly because he could sense the awkwardness of saying it. I would learn later from Albert that his father knocked on his door that Friday night, looking for me minutes after we disengaged from a crazy and sleazy sexual intercourse.

I knew my husband's temper. He surely would have turned violent if he happened to sneak a peek and see his wife writhing in ecstasy while a boy, their son, filled and fulfilled her sexually, sending her

to absolute frenzy in a way she had never been in 19 years of marriage.

That Mark harbored a suspicion of an incestuous relationship going on in his house was without doubt. But as fate would have it, luck too was in love with me. My husband failed by the skin of a tooth in his dire attempt to have us caught in the act.

Luck had averted what could have been a crime of passion, a crime that any sane husband would not think twice to commit against an unfaithful wife and her daring lover if caught in the act. It is a crime that society and even the courts of law have vindicated and will continue to vindicate.

Chapter Three

It was easy to understand why my son, Albert, had such an ardent desire to bed me, his own mother, that Friday night. He defied even the threat of a possible crime of passion from a jealous husband who was none other than his father. His libido at that torrid moment was at its explosive point. My guess was that his dad's sudden arrival during our startling sexual foreplay at the living room earlier that evening had caused it. When he grabbed me by the arm as I quietly emerged out of our bedroom door he was gripped, to borrow his words, "by the most powerful of all sexual feelings." At that moment in time his desire to have his mother body and soul was inexorable.

When I was alone wondering and confused how it all started I thought of myself as the wicked one the mother who, by lack of inhibition, had inadvertently molded her son into a sexual Frankenstein, a monster that she the creator could not control. If only I hadn't played along with his "harmless" sexy games the temptation that hanged over the heads of every mother and son at one time or another in their lives could have been overcome or satiated by one time self-gratification stands.

Nonetheless my son and I evaded inappropriate physical closeness with each other in the days that followed that Friday night. Not that our mutual sexual longing for each other had waned. It was just that we had to fulfill a common wish to defuse tension at home. I do not mean the sexual tension this time but the emotional tension that had gripped a formerly peaceful and quiet home.

My husband Mark and I had never been the same since. We still sat to dinner together, slept on the same bed and carried on with life but no longer the kind of family life that it used to be. Coldness and indifference not to mention doubts, however hidden, continued to linger. Times were there when the chilliness was so biting that I had thought of spending the nights either at the spare room or at the living room. But because Mark's suspicion was on active state staying out of the bedroom during the nights even for a noble reason was, in his mind, a sneak to a lover's tryst. Of course he wouldn't directly accuse me of having trysts with my son because, as already mentioned, he recognized the obscenity of talking about it. He would use emotion and sarcasm to express it.

Even with that Mark's determination to have us caught in the act was pretty obvious. He came home unexpectedly several times during the day sneaking quietly into the house trying to catch his wife and son playing with fire or actually on fire in bed. If both Albert and I happened to be out of home, he'd take it like we were together somewhere, making love and fulfilling an incestuous passion. His sarcastic words and stares had more biting effects than a direct accusation. Not satisfied with his own spying mission he persuaded my father-in-law, a former business executive now living alone and awash with retirement money, to stay at home, in his words, "for a few weeks." Needless say he wanted more prying eyes to watch over us.

In fairness to Albert, his raging hormones notwithstanding, sex is not all what was in store in him for his mom. He really loved me as his mother not just as his "sex goddess." His heart would cry out for me each time he'd see me emotionally battered by his jealous father, saying comforting assurances like the day is not far off when he'd leave home and go on his own. The idea although inevitable is not really comforting to me to if I have to be honest. Not that I'd miss the thrill of erotic near-misses in the dark. Just like him sensuality is not all what is in store in me for him.

I took advantage of the sexual lull by carrying on with my Sunday devotion to the church trying hard to take back my prim and proper self. I had sincerely prayed to God that my son and I could put everything behind us, preserve my marriage and restore peace if not happiness at home. Albert, a perfect young gentleman that he was gave his cooperation although unsolicited.

Albert's concern for his mother's well-being had kept us physically apart in spite that no agreement was forged. Of course temptation was always there rearing its ugly head. Friction, however accidental, between our clothed but depraved bodies would automatically linger for long moments. The eye locks that would follow were thrilling yet nerve-racking. Thanks God my son and I would invariably resist with success the potent temptations at least during the days that immediately followed the onset of emotional tensions at home.

My father-in-law although clearly commissioned by my Mark to keep us company seemed oblivious of my husband's suspicions. Nowhere in our daily encounters had he insinuated about Mark telling him that something wrong was going on at home. It made me think that my husband merely planted him in the house to help squelch a "looming" incestuous encounter. If only they knew...

I called my father-in-law by his first name, Bryan. That was how he wanted it anyway. He was 65 yet he looked more like a Don Juan than a dirty old man. A six-footer, broad-shouldered and sporting a moustache, he was good-looking by the standards of his age. Like Albert he was also fond of touches that he'd imply as harmless. He'd take my hands during casual talks and kiss them or wrap his arm around my waist as he takes me to a walk in the yard to parrot the amorous adventures of his younger years. I was tempted to think that Albert got the "harmless" tricks from him.

Bryan acted at home like a real Don Juan, the legendary womanizer as portrayed by the writers of the classical period. During our light moments he'd asked me to waltz with him or play the piano for him. He'd ask me to play for him the popular versions of music derived

from the works of the great masters. He would applaud boisterously after playing for him the renditions.

One late afternoon on a weekend when Mark was out golfing with buddies, Bryan was around as usual to keep us company. He played a Strauss waltz on the stereo, bowed before me like the typical gentleman of a bygone era then took me by the hands to waltz with him in dizzying circles around the floor, me in my green sundress. I was more on fast music dancing than waltzing and for that he forgave me for stepping on his toes more than once. After waltzing around the floor like royals in a ballroom dance, Bryan escorted me back to my seat but not before showering my face with kisses that he (and me too) played down as "harmless."

Watching in a corner quietly but with fiery eyes was my teen-aged son. He looked unmistakably jealous. Yes, he indeed was jealous of his grandfather, of all people. Who would not laugh at an 18-year old boy with raging hormones getting jealous of a possibly impotent 65-year old grandfather? Oh, it could be that he was just jealous of the extra attention I'd been giving his grandpa not of the possible sexual attraction of either or both. It did not surprise me

when kid approached me as his grandpa excused himself for some chore.

"It seems you are carried away by the tricks of that old fool, Mom."

"What? What did you say?"

"He kisses your face. He pretends to dance but in truth he just wants to feel you. With his cheek on your's he deliberately pulls you to his chest with his long leg wedged between your thighs. And you seem to enjoy it."

"Albert, will you please behave? So what if he does? It is just fun. And I don't think it is any of your business if I'd want to play along with it."

"Mom, the old man is trying to seduce you. Don't tell me you don't feel it."

"Seduce me? Like what you did," smirking at him.

"What we did!"

"We are talking of a seduction, Albert. Your granddad is just trying to comfort your mother from the emotional stress she is into."

"A knight in shining armor comforts a married damsel in emotional distress. Come on, Mom. That is the oldest love trick in the world. I have read that stuff countless of times in my academic books. And I thought you hated romance in academic books?"

"Are you jealous?"

"Mom, it isn't that I'm jealous. I'm just trying to say that he..."

"Yes it is," quickly interrupting what he had to say.

"Well...yes it is," shrugging his shoulders in admission while trying to look away.

With his admission of jealousy, we ended the tense-filled moment with me laughing out loud. Out of nowhere Bryan emerged saying, "seems you two are in a light moment."

"We always are, grandpa."

"Cool! Well, kid, I need to borrow your mom for a while if you don't mind."

"I do mind."

Ignoring his grandson, Bryan took my left hand with his right, kissed the back of it then slowly pulled me away while putting my arm around his waist. Soon, his right arm was over my shoulder as he walked me away slowly, our hips and thighs rubbing every step

of the way. As I looked over my right shoulder, my heart got stabbed by my son's dagger looks. My gaze couldn't help drop at his erection, piteously confined in his shorts. I tried to break away from the caresses of my father-in-law not out of repulsion but out of concern for my son's emotional beating. But before I could do it the older man's grip on my bare shoulder had tightened. I initially gave thought to Albert's suspicion but dismissed it anyway.

"I'll treat you for dinner tonight," Bryan suggested, "in a place where there is music and there are people," saying it as he looked down at my worried face at the same time gripping me tightly by the shoulder.

"What about Albert?"

"Oww come on. He is a big boy now. He won't starve here or wherever he'd be going."

"Not now."

"Come on, I know you're just worried about your big boy. I'll talk to him and tell him."

"No, Bryan, please not now." Before I could stop him he was with Albert telling him of his plans. As expected, hell broke loose. A heated argument ensued between the young man and his grandpa forcing me to step between them.

"No! Mom is not going anywhere with you. Not until you pass over my dead body,"

"You act like a jealous lover, kid, not the courteous son that you should be."

"Yes, I am jealous but I do it for my dad. And I wouldn't be doing it if you are not touching my mother inappropriately."

"Do you think of it that way, kid? I thought young people today have more liberal minds than their prudish elders?"

"I may be liberal in many fucking ways but not to the inappropriate touches on my mother!"

"Albert! Stop it!" I had to scream to interrupt him.

I dragged my fuming son away from the older man into his room to cool him down. I locked the door behind us with the thought of preventing my father-in-law to barge in through it in an attempt to put honor to his injured ego. Because I could sense him listening outside the locked door, I pretended to scold my son on his rudeness and lack of respect for his grandfather.

I could clearly see that Albert's jealousy had turned him on sexually. Stealing glances at his erection I could notice its rage. It was as if it wanted to break-out from its confines. I was half-heartedly reminding him of his improper behavior towards his grandfather when I noticed something on his bed. I came closer and confirmed it was my ankle-length soft-blue silk robe I slipped out from hours earlier.

"What is this thing doing here, Albert?" I asked as I touched the gown from the bed.

"I can explain that, Mom. I resist powerful urges to be near you because it hurts to see you emotionally torn to shreds by Dad's jealousy."

"Well, thank you for your concern. But you haven't answered my question."

"I see Grandpa touching you. He kisses your hands and face each time he is near you. He rubs his body against yours in a mock dance. You may not understand it, Mom, but seeing you in that light affects my sexuality. I get off each time because my imagination propels things way beyond. My mind flashes images of you and grandpa in bed, bucking and thrashing wildly until your connected bodies explode beyond description."

"My God!"

"My imagination or suspicion, whichever is right, makes me jerk off. And for that I always long to use either your dirty panties or night dress or both to feel you, to smell you while my mind continues to flash the images of your contorted face, the sensuous arching of your back and the lifting of your ass off the bed repeatedly to receive as much of grandpa's impaling tool as you possibly could.

"Jesus Christ!" I can't believe... you are imagining things that way."

"I do not imagine them. The images force their way into my mind each time I see you and grandpa play around."

"We are not playing around," my voice was cracking.

"How do you think I could last seeing the flashes of images of you and grandpa jerking your connected bodies up in mid-air for a long moment then fall back to bed in a tangle of limbs like fastened rag dolls falling from the ceiling?"

"Stop it!" I threw my palms over my ears pretending not to want anything more to hear.

"You just don't realize how it disturbs me and how it destroys my sexuality. But don't get me wrong, Mom. I don't like it to happen for real. The images force their way into my mind and that's it. My jealousy destroys me."

I couldn't grasp for any more words. His revelation made me speechless and, worse, made me so weak. I had to hold on to the back of a chair fronting his computer desk. After a long moment of silence my son was behind me, draping the long robe around my back, the same soft-blue silk robe he confessed he jerked off with.

"Put back the traces of your body on this gown, Mom. Put back the same heat and fragrance that I have taken away from it. Slip into it."

The ritual he wanted to play to sensationalize his fetish sounded too silly for me to play along with. Yet, as if hypnotized, I did what I was

told and more. With my back still to him, I slid off my shoulders the green sundress from under the thin robe draped around me, letting it drop to the floor then stepped out of it. From behind, my son helped me slip my arms into the silk robe with only my panties on. The touch of the cloth was erotic. Unconsciously, I pulled it tightly around my almost naked body to rub and feel the love traces that my potent, Adonis-like son had planted on it.

Albert meanwhile continued to dramatize his fetish. He took my fallen sundress from the floor, covered his face with it and inhaled from it. I stood watching, speechless and virtually breathless.

Soon, me and my son were into each other's arms kissing wildly, hands flying over heads, backs, asses and thighs. The ruffled sundress trapped between our bodies went down with us as we fell on our knees with mouths, tongues and bodies passionately entwined.

Kissing, nibbling and biting we did until our lungs cried out for attention. We broke the steaming kiss to catch our breaths, gazed into each other then kissed again, torridly, as wildly and as

untamed as ever causing us to fall on the floor, he on top of me. He bathed my face with burning kisses, nibbled my earlobe and nipped the side of my neck. His hands and body feasted with his fetish - the touch of his mother's robe - this time with me in it.

Our mouths and tongues were dueling in reckless abandon when, suddenly, loud knocks at the locked door came blasting in with the sound of Bryan's voice booming.

"Is everything all right in there?"

It took me several seconds to rip off my mouth from my son's causing a high pitched gasp to blare out quite loudly.

"...Aaaaahhhhhh..."

More knocks at the door came before I could utter the breathless words.

"Yes...aahhhh... it's all right...Bryan... "

I had the feeling that my father-in-law was as smart as his son, Mark, in recognizing unusual behavior let alone, unusual sounds - love sounds, to be exact. Yet his presence outside the locked door did not extinguish the wildfire of passion that was ignited between me and my son. We carried on with the mad kissing, exploring each other's sensitive parts as we went spinning on the floor, tumbling small pieces of furniture.

"Open the door, Christine," thundered Bryan's voice after several jolting knocks, again interrupting the frenzied kissing.

"I'll...take care...of this problem, Bryan."

"Just open the door."

"Jesus...aahhhh...I have to talk... to him," breathing into my son's ear while on top of him.

"Ignore him, Mom, or I'll take it that you care for him," tightening his grip on me while showering my neck with hot kisses.

"Don't... be crazy... we wouldn't, aahhhh, go this far if, aahhhh..." He suppressed my breathy words by putting my mouth on his. I kissed back, hard and intense causing my shoulder-length brown hair to fall and eclipse our glued faces from the view of anyone sneaking a peek if there was one. More knocks at the door came blasting to jolt us. The kiss broke once more but our faces remained covered with hair as our wet mouths remained close and lightly touching.

"Please honey...aahhhh...let me shoo him away...aahhhh. I'll come back to you... I promise," nibbling his lips as I exhaled into his mouth. We kissed, broke up then kissed again under cover of hair before the next jolting knocks came.

Frustrating as it was we jumped off the carpet and rushed to the locked door. Blaring angry words from the inside, I told my father-in-law to leave us alone.

"This is...ahhhhh...our problem, Bryan. It is not... ahhhhh...any of your business to interfere. It is me who has to discipline my son not...ahhhhh...anyone else."

"Just want to see if everything's okay."

"Everything's...all right... "

Albert took my waist from behind, kissing my neck and robed shoulders. His ravishing mouth and face caused my ruffled robe to slide down my shoulders, exposing my back to his oral attacks. I could hardly suppress a gasp when I threw my head back in response. My son slowly pulled me away from the door, without breaking the mad kisses. His hands groped all over my front, over and under my messy robe. I fell into the bed face down with my son on my back, his hands smashing at my tits. His stiff tent humped wildly at my panty-covered ass, no different from a dog humping his bitch in heat. Before I could warn him of his grandfather's presence outside the locked door, he had stepped out of his shorts and boxers, had raised the love-battered robe up my waist and had

slid my damp panties down to my ankles to step out from. Soon, my son was penetrating me from behind.

Spreading my arms into the bed I grabbed a pillow and buried my face into it. His invading rock-hard penis, meanwhile, easily penetrated my well-lubricated pussy. He grabbed the other pillow, placed it between my belly and the edge of the bed before madly intensifying his thrusts.

Locked into a savage, rhythmic coupling my son and I copulated like animals, oblivious to everything except to the intense passion burning inside our thrashing bodies. The more I squirmed and bucked under him, the harder he pounded into my pussy from behind, returning my wild abandon with equal if not more powerful thrusts.

He sucked and bit the sides of my neck and shoulders as his pounding went crazy and unceasing, rubbing my clit to seventh heaven. The madness and the wickedness of it all sent me into a mind-shattering orgasm, blinding whatever was left of my usually alert senses. It was a helpless orgasm, me crying and squealing on

the pillow and hands grasping at the sheet like I was clinging on to dear life. At that instant of time I would have sold my soul to the devil if only to have the carnal act continue!

As I was coming down from the peak of the powerful orgasm Albert's body suddenly stiffened.

"I'm going... to breed you...uuuhhhh..."

"I'm your... aahhhh...mother!"

His legs shook and quivered, signaling a volcanic ejaculation. And volcanic it was! Albert's potent sperms blasted into his mother's womb. Millions of his raging sperms raced for her lone egg, to breed her, to impregnate her and, yes, to propel her into another, more violent orgasm.

"You're alright...mom?"

"Don't ...stop...!"

The pounding continued! He wiggled his hips from side to side before each thrust, causing me to buck and writhe sensuously beneath him. I jerked my hips backwards to meet his every thrust, literally throwing my quivering ass at the young lover's pounding ejaculator like a bitch in heat.

Yet again, me and my son shared an orgasmic bliss as we came together. His raging sperms fulfilled and filled me to over flow. It was a piercing orgasm, almost excruciating and so intense that I felt my womb would burst. It felt like my entire body was a suction pump, milking every drop of the hard and streaming manhood inside me.

Albert whispered love words into my ears as we crossed together the peak of the mighty orgasm. I could only respond with breathless sighs into the pillow as my face remained buried on it, trying hard to stifle my cries of ecstasy. My brain totally went blank as our bodies shook and jerked in animal fashion. "To hell with Bryan! To hell with Mark!" That was all my mind could think of at that moment of bliss.

If my father-in-law successfully sneaked a peek he would have seen how a mother and son copulated like animals, banging the bed as they step on the throes of climax in a frenzy of lust. He would have seen how his grandson would pound his own mother on her backside, her body jolting with the force of his thrusts.

We lay still both facing down and breathing heavily when my son pulled out of me. With my hair-covered face still half-buried on the pillow he remained on top of me from behind for a long moment as we fed our lungs with air in our wish to remain alive.

When we were finally back to sanity a strong-armed Albert, back in his boxers, took me by the waist in an effort to help me stand up. He literally pulled my limp body up from its collapse in bed. Rumped as it was, my long robe surprisingly remained draped around my lower back and parts of it hanging on my arms. When at last I made it on my feet his strong arms stayed around my waist and nude front obviously to keep me from falling down. We talked in whispers.

"Are you alright, Mom?"

"My God...that was...incredible! We will die if...we don't stop this madness."

"We won't die, Mom. We'll live to carry on this madness even if it will mean you and me against the world."

"No sweetie. You cannot live together with your...ahhhhh...mother. We were just...ahhhhh... carried away by our needs. We have to stop now and row back with determination. We just have to bring our selves back to where they were."

He kissed my bare shoulder then nipped my earlobe before breathing into it. "I love you. Do you?"

I sighed in throwing my head back, resting it on his shoulder.

"Yesss...ohhh God!"

"Christ, Mom, you're irrepressibly seductive. Don't let me do it. I'll kill anyone who will lust for you."

"Even if it is your father?"

"Yesss!"

I laughed out loud with that answer. "You're crazy, you know that?"

"The old man jerking-off outside that door will be the first that I'd kill if...."

I quickly turned around pressing four fingers into his mouth to stop him from further saying reckless jokes. "Stop! I have to go now..."

Albert tried to make me stay longer but sense finally prevailed. It convinced him that it was not only obscene from my father-in-law's point of view but so dangerous too in more ways than one. Mark could be home any moment and his father, Bryan, was there to tell him where we were and what he suspected we were doing.

I made sure that Bryan was no longer outside the locked door before opening it from the inside. I tiptoed into the safety of our marital bedroom and into our private bathroom in exact fashion as that fateful Friday night. Like before, I pleased myself under the rapid flow of warm water, recalling the savage but blissful moments of sexual intercourse with my son just minutes earlier. The orgasm was so intense that I could have drowned falling face down into the water if the bathtub's drain was closed. Thanks God it was not.

Residues of sexual pleasure caused the intermittent pulsing of my ass crack as I prepared dinner immediately after bath. If someone was watching over me he would have surely noticed how I'd

randomly grind my front with the counter while doing the kitchen chore. I was horny as hell.

Come dinner time Albert and I exchanged stolen glances. No word came from my father-in-law the whole time. Either he was hinting of his displeasure on his grandson's rudeness to him or he resented an incestuous relationship that could be teasing his imagination.

It was almost midnight and Mark was still out golfing or whatever. Feeling guilty I decided to wait for him. I watched a late night movie in my long white satin night gown with thin straps. Albert was already in bed when my father-in-law came in from his night stroll. He approached my position and sat on my right side not far from me. As I muted the TV's sound volume through the set's remote control a short moment of silence in the dim-lit living room followed before he broke the ice.

"Christine, tell me about it and I promise to listen with compassion."

"About what?"

"About you and your son." My heart suddenly pulsed at a rapid rate. I pretended of course not to know what he was talking about.

"What about me and Albert?"

"Just tell me how it started. Confess everything to me and I promise to help both of you bring yourselves back to where they used to be."

His voice was calm but frightening. In a normal conversation where we sit near each other like this, Bryan would either hold my hand or put his arm over my shoulder. It wouldn't matter if Albert or Mark or both were around. Now there was none of that. He kept his distance, was serious and unsmiling.

"I don't understand, Bryan. I'd rather that you say it directly."

"You and your son had landed in his bed late afternoon today. Please don't try to deny it. You went in there with a green sundress. The two of you couldn't have just played scrabble inside or else there wouldn't be any reason for you to come out in a disheveled robe that was loosely wrapped around your naked body."

I was shocked, severely shocked. No words would come out of my mouth. Never before did my heart beat so fast and so hard. A tingle of fear spread all over my body that almost made me cum. A long moment of silence ensued before I burst into tears. I sobbed like a little girl that I failed to immediately notice my father-in-law's tender embrace allowing me to cry on his shoulder.

"Carry on, Christine. I will keep my promise. Whatever you'll say will remain to just the two of us. Not even Albert will know that we had talk." He handed me a hankie.

"Forgive me, Bryan but I can't say it now. It's impossible for me to talk about it. I mean I'm so confused right now."

"But it did happen, didn't it?"

"Yesss...ohhhh... God...." I continued sobbing, this time on his hard chest.

I cried and cried releasing every bit of stress trapped inside my guilty chest. I cried a river over my guilt. The emotional release that resulted calmed my nerves down. Now I could feel comfort in the the warm embrace of a sympathetic father figure in the person of Bryan. His tight but comfortable grip on my bare shoulder became a catalyst to bring me back to my senses.

I thought of his touch as a sincere assurance in helping me get out of the sleazy romance with my son and remain committed to my marriage. At the same time I felt his touch, his grip at my shoulder, as a form of human bondage. It felt as if I was bound to him in some ways as I was to Mark and Albert.

As he released my shoulder, he touched my hair and pressed my tearful face harder into his chest, dampening the shirt that covered it.

"Go on, lady. Cry out everything. It will soon clear your bothered mind."

He took my left with his other hand and kissed it tenderly, every inch of it. It had been a long time since I last felt similar comforting touches from my always jealous husband.

Sooner than we could realize my father-in-law and I were watching the movie together. I lost track of the story but we continued watching anyway until we both lost interest. After putting off the TV set I put on a CD that played instrumental mood music on the sound system then went back to sit beside Bryan.

We sat so close together making sure that we alone could hear the comforting whispers that further calmed my nerves. My head lay on his shoulder as my left hand sneaked under his damp shirt and

playfully rubbed the hairy chest that got wet with my tears, pretending to dry it with my palm.

"I'm sorry for getting it wet."

"Don't be, lady. I feel happy that those tears fell. I wouldn't be if you haven't shed any."

"Now you know how dirty my body is for committing an unforgivable sin."

"Being weak does not take out the real you. Sometimes we stumble and fall but that would not be the end of the world for us."

With that I once more buried my face in his shoulder without withdrawing my hand under his shirt. He touched my hair and caressed it. I caressed his chest in return, nipping his nipples alternately in my desire to make him feel, as he made me feel, that

bondages exist between people. I totally submitted when he pulled my hair to tilt my head up.

Bryan looked down at me, staring deeply into my eyes. His gaze stabbed directly into my senses. It was as if he assured me that no one will ever know of my guilt. Our faces were so close for a long moment. I knew he would kiss my mouth and I waited for it if only to express my gratefulness for the feeling of contentment that had eluded my confused mind for quite a time. As our eyes firmly locked together the sound of piano music from the stereo continued, intensifying the aura of emotional and sensual gratification in our lingering embrace.

Breathing heavily, I was virtually exhaling into his mouth. As expected, our lips met and locked together. It was a tender but a long lasting kiss. I could feel the sensuousness of it but I dismissed it as just a pure and simple human touch. He took back my bare left shoulder and caressed it as my shirt-covered hand pinched every inch of his chest, implying that the kiss should be enough.

For a moment I thought of Albert. What if he was watching us. How could I possibly explain to him such a thing as "human bondage?" Worse, how would he take it to see in flesh what he used to see only as a flash of image in his mind? I couldn't concentrate on that worry as my mouth remained locked with Bryan's and the sensation of it wouldn't allow it. I could have ripped off mine from his but for some reason I didn't. I went for it forgetting about Albert.

Chapter Four

I tore off my mouth from Bryan's and buried my face into his shirted chest. It was in an attempt to recover my senses. Undeniably, I was about to give in to another temptation at that moment.

Yes, it was easy then for my father-in-law to lay me into submission. Not necessarily into a downright sexual submission but rather, and to put it accurately, to a compliant submission that could no doubt turn into a consensual sex if allowed to carry on. Luckily enough, my resolve to get back to my senses prevailed.

Bending over to hearing level, Bryan murmured, asking if I was all right.

"I need to go to bed," I managed to breath out, trying to play down the kissing. I raised my face off his chest, keeping him at arms length as the full impact of what I had done struck my mind. My God, I thought wildly. What if Albert was watching us, me here snuggled obscenely with his grandfather, my mouth on his and

more. I was breathing raggedly, partly from arousal and partly from fear and shame.

"Anything wrong?" the broad-shouldered older man asked softly in his mesmeric voice.

"None ... nothing ...I just have to go."

"What's the matter? Are you worrying about your son?" he breathed out trying to rekindle the suddenly extinguished flame of intimacy.

"No. But we can't go on with this!" I retorted, jumping up from the couch.

My chest was hammering, scared of things obvious. I wanted to rush to the safety of my bedroom but I had to find a way not to offend my father-in-law. I could not afford to hurt him at that moment as I was virtually a hostage to his promise to save me and my family from scandal. I rushed instead to the window and stared

blankly into a distance just pretending to be worried of my husband's coming.

Instantly, Bryan was behind me taking me by my bare shoulders, his hardness pressed hard to my bottom.

"You're such an alluring woman, lady," he whispered from behind.

"Bryan, I can't do another wrong. I thank you for your compassion. But please, don't make me sin again. How would that make me get back to where you want me to be?"

"I'm sorry. Couldn't help it. No man, young or old, by your side could resist touching you."

"Thank you, Bryan. I really need to go now."

"As you wish,lady," in obviously frustrated words.

He gave me a light kiss at the back of my neck before escorting me up to my bedroom door. He wished me good night and assured me of his promise to keep just to the two of us what he came to know about me and my son.

Although my father-in-law, was an attractive older man I successfully carried on with my resolve not to allow our kiss to deepen beyond compliance. I allowed him to kiss me because I was too grateful for the reassurance he had given me. It considerably relieved my otherwise tormented mind and at a time when I needed it most.

Yes, there was the sexual side of it too. I'd be lying if I deny it existed. In spite of his 65 years, the traces of Bryan's male sexiness could still lure to bed a not so unwavering prude. Although his kiss was not as entrancing as that of the young and more vigorous Albert, it was not without passion. Thanks to my fears and the feeling called guilt the mouthlock didn't go beyond what I would insist as a compliant kiss, however euphemistic it may sound.

Bryan's sincerity was not without its share of the doubt. It never escaped my careful mind that he just wanted to have his chances of laying his daughter-in-law who happened to crave for compassion at that moment of emotional storm. Even with that, the euphoria that followed his gesture of kindness made me too helpless to deny him the kiss that I knew so well he long wanted to have.

The following days and weeks were difficult for both me and my son Albert. Not only that we needed to calm the sexual tension between us that invariably threatened to explode at any moment, we also had to do it impeccably, void of eccentric ways that could arouse suspicion. Somehow, my boy, young and horny as he was had a part in him too that knew how to feel guilty. That I should say helped defuse a spark that could ignite another forbidden sexual encounter.

Mark my husband meanwhile slowly regained his old self. It was, he thought, a good consequence to my father-in-law's presence at home. If only he knew... Nonetheless, the undeclared truce, if it can be called that, put a breathing spell behind the fears and resentment that characterized our home lives since that fateful friday night.

It was in one of those emotionally quiet days when our son revealed his plan to leave home as he found a job hundreds of miles away. It was a welcomed development to his father but a depressing one to me if I have to be honest. But sense and sensibilities convinced me that it was the best thing that could happen to the family at that stormy stage of our lives.

My husband and I of course wished our son the best of luck in his adventure. The wish, however, was not without our assurance of help just in case he'd find it difficult at the start.

It didn't take a week for Albert to make good his word. He left home and went on his own. Days after his departure Bryan also left home to continue living alone.

Mark and I meanwhile gradually but successfully buoyed up our otherwise slowly sinking marital relation. It startled even myself to find out that I'd soon be back to my prim and proper self not least of all in public. There were no Sundays and days of obligation when I

was not in church praying and singing hymns together with the faithful.

It was about a month following Albert's departure when I thought of saying a prayer thanking God for His help in putting firmly behind us a sleazy romance that almost scandalized our family. But the thought was clouded as quickly as it came about. The reason was my discovery of something unusual in my dresser. Quite a number of my night clothes and panties were missing.

Well, what else could it be? To give up and resign to it was all that I could do. My son and I were hundreds of miles apart anyway so I felt it was safe to just dismiss his fetish as just an ingredient of his maturing manhood. He was a healthy young man after all who, like many others, would soon overcome a vile obsession for his mother and her traces.

The discovery not unlike before made me involuntarily react in a sexual way. My pussy suddenly quivered and the nastiest thought passed through my head. I exhaled a deep sigh and closed my eyes

bracing myself for the inevitable. And that was to please my body's sensual stirring.

Vivid thoughts of my son jerking off in my unwashed clothes were flashing into my mind. Before I could think twice or start counting numbers, I had thrown my sensuous self in my bed and started to touch myself in the most obscene way.

I arched my back as my mind conjured up the lewd image of me and my son masturbating together in my bed without the other knowing it, under the same sheet, side by side on our backs, our hips and legs bumping and jerking while quietly moaning each other's names. With head thrown back and slobbering mouth wide open, I made a sweeping, stirring motion with my finger inside my pussy, round and round until I couldn't stand it any more.

"Oh my God, oh my God," breathing out the screams.

When I came my thumb touched the rounded end to my clitoris causing my ass to leap up off the bed in excruciating pleasure, ass

cheeks tensing with each powerful tremor that roared through my cunt. My muscles twitched and fluttered, thighs rippling tightly as the sensation mounted to unbelievable intensity.

It was almost a minute of body spasms in the air before my muscles relaxed, dropping my still shaking ass back into the bed, my neck tilted as if catching my breath over my head. Ohh, it was such a riotous but wonderful session.

* * *

A sexual lull in me followed since then making me think that a mother's sexual reaction to her son's fetish was a one time thing. I was wrong.

For many months our son kept in touch with us through emails alone. He worked for a wireless telecom firm as a technician and planned to go to college while keeping his "good-paying job." If we were to believe his stories it would seem that he was living alone quite comfortably.

It had been quite a time since memories of my son's fetish gripped my sexuality. Now, the lurid thoughts were again forcing their way into my cranium causing me to unconsciously wet my panties beneath my dress.

Without bothering to resist the thoughts, I threw my ass into the couch, the same living room couch where my son and I first made romance. As I closed my eyes and started to masturbate to finish off the mounting itch in my loins, the feeling of guilt intervened causing me to stop right in the tracks.

What's happening to me? I scolded mentally. All of a sudden I found myself caught between not wanting to imagine my boy jerking off in my night clothing and the powerful erotic images of him as exactly that.

It was easy for anyone to ridicule my pretense. My body after all was just longing for a release, for a harmless self-gratification by shedding myself of those lurid thoughts. Who would not laugh

reading me portray myself as virtuous in the light of what had already transpired?

I walked around the house then up to my bedroom trying to douse the simmering sexual heat gripping my body. I walked around gazing at my bed, the same bed I had shared with my husband through thick and thin in two decades of marriage. Two separate parts of me were in a serious struggle. The sensuous part screamed for an uninhibited sexual release. The rational part was waving the equally powerful feeling of guilt. The former seemed to be winning.

Not here in my husband's bed, I thought at last as the sensuous part of me overflowed with lust leaving no more room for hypocrisy. I stripped naked almost ripping my dress off my shaking body, rushed to my dresser and grabbed my pink housecoat, the same lingerie that my son and I had alternately masturbated with at the heights of suppressed sexual desires for each other. Wrapping it around my naked body I dashed hurriedly to my son's former bedroom with legs trembling beneath me.

Once inside the room, I closed the door tightly, leaned against it and heaved a long, hot sigh of passion as I recalled those moments when Albert was lustfully filling and fulfilling his mother sexually. I clasped at my long robe, fitting it tightly into my body, feeling the traces of sex that my son and I had strewn on it. My hands roamed all over my robed body pressing the silk harder into my skin.

My clitoris was hammering one lustful throb after another when the three-way extended phone sounded a jolting ring. Instantly I was hurled back to my senses. The erotic heat in my body that was reaching fever-pitch suddenly froze as I walked to pick up the receiver.

I had no way of knowing if it was the devil's handiwork or whatever but what followed was a pleasant shock. My heart almost leapt out of my chest when I recognized Albert's voice on the other end of the line. My body shuddered from a mixture of emotions. For the first time in many months, in fact in almost a year, I heard the sultry voice of my son and at a time when I was about to touch myself with erotic thoughts of him. My trembling ass slowly but surely fell into his bed as I uttered the second "hello" in a quavering voice.

"You okay, Mom?"

I could only answer him with my breathing. Shock wouldn't let the words come out of my mouth.

"Are you all right?" he once more asked.

"Yesss...yess...I'm...all right."

"You don't sound to be, Mom."

"...Yesss... I am. Just got surprised. I thought it was your dad..." my breathing was labored.

"You sound tired and exhausted."

"...Not really..." I was literally exhaling the words.

"...I miss you."

There was a long pause. We were quiet but both breathing hard. We were hundreds of miles apart but our hormones were heating up in synchronism.

"Have I said something wrong?" he softly asked.

"Nohhh..." I whispered back. "I just... didn't expect to hear from you at a time like this when..."

"When what?"

"Nnnnone...nothing..." following it with a long sigh.

"I need to see you, Mom."

"Well...you are always welcome to come home for a visit."

"I need to see you alone," he murmured softly. A moment of pause once more followed.

"Albert...w'ere...ummmm..."

"Do you miss me?"

I contemplated replying with an unflattering remark in my desire to douse the simmering sexual heat on line. But I just couldn't lie.

"Oooohhh...God, yesss, I miss you too..."

"Let's meet somewhere...some place where we don't need to fear anyone or anything."

"Honey, you know it isn't easy, don't you?"

"I know, Mom. I know it isn't easy to do. But I need you badly...need to see you...just you."

I didn't reply. I couldn't. I wanted to squelch the sounds of my hard breathing but just couldn't.

"Uhhhh...uuhhhh..."

"Mom?"

"Nothing...oh, nothing! I was just talking to myself."

Another long pause and soon I was on my back, centered on my son's bed, my long robe open down the front as we carried on

talking in soft voices over the phone. His masculine voice continued to whisper erotic sounds, causing the sexual heat in my body to fume.

My breathing was now coming in swift, forceful gasps. Tiny moans of passion escaped from between my tightly clenched teeth. I was sure he was lying on his bed, jerking off in my nightgown, stroking his rock-hard penis against the fabric of my dress while my simmering body was feeling the sensual touch of the love clothing we both had fucked in sexual abandon.

I worked my fingers into my madly pulsating pussy. I spread my legs wide and arched my back off the bed again and again, laboring toward the climax that seemed so vital to me then. My free hand flew itself into my breasts brushing across my hot nipples, kneading the hills, violently pushing at the tingling flesh. We carried on trading throaty whispers.

"I'm so hot for you...so searing hot."

"We shouldn't...be doing this. We need to ..."

"I can feel your body heat...I'm in your nightgown. I can feel you...I can smell you,"

"Ohhh...ummmm...aahhh..."

"I love you, Mom..."

"Honey...we can't...let's just..."

"Let's make love."

"Nooohhh..."

"Let's come together, Mom...now...nowww...uuuhhhhhh..."

"Albert...nnooohhhh...aaahhhh..."

My fingers flew down and rubbed my clit furiously with the knuckle of my right thumb. Immediately it sent me into convulsive, loud thrashing motions, squirming and twisting on my son's bed.

"Mom...you're so hot..."

"Ohhhh, yesss, honey... I'm on fire ... this is wrong but I'm on fire, I love it, love it and I can't stop, I don't want to stopppp ..."

I was breathing out the screams as I bucked around wildly in my son's former bed, listening to similar sexual noises from the other end of the line.

I no longer tried to muffle my heated gasps or to control my movements. I fucked myself with wilder abandon. As my senses reached their crescendo I let all inhibitions go, and cried out in

moans of pure delight wetting my robe with sex juices which was then open with flaps hanging loosely on my sides.

I came, he came, I came, both hissing great sobs and muttering almost inaudible words until we were sure we were completely sated.

The phone line fell silent but for deep breathings from both ends. Gone were the incoherent words and discrete sounds of ecstasy. We lay on our beds with phone receivers still planted on our ears, just breathing and sighing.

It was a long moment of wordless relishing before my son broke it.

"You're such a sexy mother."

"Ahhhh...ahhhh..."

"Let's meet in Frisco." I'll wait for you at the Golden Gate park tomorrow."

"I can't...."

"You love me?"

"Ohh God...you know that I do."

"I'll be waiting for you there..." he breathed over the phone. I didn't commit but neither did I reject it.

The next day, a Friday afternoon, I found myself on the road. With dark glasses and dressed up all pretty like in a flowered pastel pattern summer dress, I drove my car, criss-crossing the roads leading to California's Highway 101. While driving I kept asking

myself what the hell was I doing. My God, I was driving a hundred miles to commit a sin!

As I turned and merged with CA-101 heading South a female voice in my GPS announced I was 55 miles to my destination. My mind was teasing me. I was just halfway to San Francisco, I thought. I could still very much turn around and head back home. But my car would not allow it. It continued to move on its path without regard to my confused mind.

Driving on I passed the towns of Sta Rosa, Petaluma and San Rafael. I could already see the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais, signalling that I was already at Marin County. It didn't escape me that I needed to make a decision now for in just a few more miles my car would be approaching the toll entrance to the Golden Gate Bridge, the point of no return. I thought of it to be because the next possible turn around would be at the other end of the strait, exactly where my son was waiting for me. To turn around at that point would only be for the insane.

"Proceed to cross the Golden Gate Bridge to your destination," the lady in the GPS announced.

My heart pounded to a scary beat. I could no longer turn around I thought to myself. Nonetheless, my car slowed down as I honestly hoped to change my mind at the last minute. I feared, however, that it was hopeless as I could no longer exit from the freeway before my destination.

Because I was using a FasTrak, I realized a bit too late that I was atop on one of the world's most photographed landmarks, the Golden Gate Bridge, an assembly of suspended steel and concrete where suicides for whatever reasons are committed once every two weeks. It played in my mind that I'd probably be the next.

"Approaching destination in two miles," blared the GPS, jolting me from my trance.

I heaved a long sigh not of relief from a tough hundred mile drive but of aimless anxiety from the sin I was about to commit.

"You have arrived," the female voice finally announced in a husky voice.

The happy faces of people were all around the park. Happily married couples from as far as other states had their teen-aged children in tow coming down from the much talked about bridge after crossing it by foot. I felt happy for them but my wish sent me almost to the verge of tears for reasons I didn't accurately know. Somehow I managed to relax my confused mind inside my parked car for quite sometime before the passenger side flew open. It was Albert, my son and my date.

"Wow! If not of the car's plate I would have thought it was a younger Kim Basinger."

"O yeah?"

"That's it."

He kissed my right cheek and after the casual greetings, laughter and more flatteries we decided to use his car. I almost failed to recognize him. He had grown taller, looked heavier and more handsome than ever. "This young man could lure to bed the sexiest girl in town," I quietly told myself.

I made sure I took my personal stuff with me before jumping into his car. We cruised the streets towards the city center and before long the car was pulling up along the front lawn of a plush hotel, not far from the Embarcadero.

As the car came to a stop, the valet opened the door for me to alight. The valet took care of parking the car that left us free to go straight through to the hotel's outlets.

"I know you're starving. We'll take our dinner here," Albert quipped.

"This is an expensive place," I reminded him.

"I need to impress my date," he kidded.

We shared a short laughter after which he, like the perfect gentleman, escorted me into the lobby and onto the hotel's finest dining outlet. I would know a little later that he already got dining and room reservations.

The maitre'd greeted us and escorted us to our table which was in the farthest corner of the dining place. Not a few of the hotel's guests took second looks as we passed by. Whether they thought of us as a sexy hot pair or just curiously looked at a middle-aged woman with her toy boy, I had no way of knowing.

The place was magnificent, to say the least. Potted palm trees and various tropical plants were grouped around the floor segregating the place into sections and creating small recesses where diners could sit in relative privacy. On our right was a glass wall that separated us from the cleverly lit aviary that could be mistaken for an outdoor wildlife garden. Music from the piano felt relaxing.

I sat there watching my handsome young date beside me. I thought he looked so radiant in his dark red shirt, his dark hair setting off his deep blue eyes that bored holes straight through my soul each time we locked stares. My eyes flashed excitedly at him as we chatted over the menu selection.

It was lovely just to sit together and discuss events of the past several months as we waited for the staff to bring in our orders. The place looked marvellous but the company was better as we sat, flirting and tantalizing each other with various stories of the better times. Although neither one of us hinted in bringing up any of our forbidden sexual encounters, a quiet and slow heat of desire was without doubt building between us.

Our orders arrived promptly for which we felt quite disappointed. Hungry as we both were it felt more beguiling to just flirt with each other undistracted. The waiter watched us with a look of incredulity on his face. Albert's unfriendly stare made him quickly place the plates he was holding down onto the table and retreated hastily.

The food was delicious, the taste of wine revitalizing but it was the togetherness and the playful alluring that we enjoyed more. We took and finished our dinner slowly but our wine glasses seemed bottomless, what with the non-stop refilling.

The wine was not without its effect though. Albert's hand that harmlessly rested on my knee for sometime started to wander higher up under my dress. It was as if he never had laid a finger on my bare thigh before. His fingers roamed further until they found what they were seeking making me whimper with a mixture of surprise and delight. My free hand lost no time in stopping his.

The fear of getting noticed was an intense turn on as sexual excitement flowed through my veins. Glancing quickly around the room, I checked to see if anyone was watching us.

"We're in public, Albert. You must behave."

"I feel crazy for you," he said softly.

"Why me? I'm an old woman."

"You're not old, Mom. Just older. What matters most is, it is you."

I felt too weak to stop him when he brought his mouth crashing down on mine. When he pulled back he took my glass and offered it to me. Our stares seemed unbreakable as I nibbled the glass, licking it before slowly sipping the wine from it.

The wine had barely trickled down my throat when Albert gently took the glass from my hand and, without a bit of warning, covered my mouth with his, used his tongue to open it, sucked the wine and swallowed all he could in his. Some of it dribbled out of our riveted mouths, went flowing down my neck and chest, making the upper part of my dress obviously wet.

"Mmmpphhh," tearing my mouth off his. "Albert, honey, look what you've done. How do you think I could get out of this place now?"

"I'm sorry, Mom. Those red lips are to blame. They're irresistible. Don't worry, we have our room ready and you can change."

We spent sometime more at the elegant place talking in low voices and playing until my dress was no longer noticeably wet. Our extended moments together in public increased the simmering tension between us.

Albert signalled for the staff, signed the bill, left his tip after which we headed to the elevators to "rest" in the room he reserved for us.

The door had barely opened when we tumbled into the inside, kissing and embracing wildly, grinding thighs and bellies. Restless arms flew around, groping each other as the door closed on its own. The passionate scuffle inevitably forced my back against a wall. Albert, without breaking the kiss, extended a hand to insert the electronic card key into its socket thus lighting and ventilating the darkened room.

When our mouths momentarily tore apart I spread my legs a bit wider and licked his earlobe, making him squirm and rub his rock-hard penis against my stomach. My tits crushed against his lower chest, nipples hardened and throbbing as the kissing turned mad. My belly swayed and squirmed against his erection. I pressed my body still more forcefully against his until the pressure was both delightful and painful.

The kissing became combative - a mini wrestling fought with hands, mouths and tongues. His hands, strong and determined, crawled down the outward sweep of my firm buttocks to cup my ass and pull me more firmly against his swelling prick. I tightened my lips and began to suck hard, causing my boy's tongue to plunge deep into my mouth almost to the throat. His chest moved suggestively over the outlined nipples of my heaving breasts, and he scooped my tongue from my mouth, sucking it back into his own.

All gentleness vanished. His right hand pulled viciously at my ass kneading the cheeks and crack. The roughness of it ruffled my dress up my waist. I retaliated by tearing his shirt off his shoulders with quick successive yanks. Without breaking the kiss my young

lover slid his chest down and violently ripped my white panties off my waist.

I couldn't stand it any more. I was too hot. Somehow I managed to tear my lips from his and turn my head to one side, breathing out pleas for fulfillment.

"Honey... stop the torture...you're making me so hot! Throw me in bed..." My voice was gaspy and uneven.

He replied with blazing kisses - at my ears, neck and shoulders. His right hand continued to grope my bottom, squeezing it and massaging the crack. I purred like a cat as he went down raining kisses on my bare thighs, licking them and biting them, going from one to the other.

Without me expecting it Albert's face suddenly rolled upwards hitting right at his mother's womanhood. I gasped aloud at the suddenness of it. It was wrong I thought. I had to stop him, I urged myself.

Before I could act I felt it. His mouth had conquered my defenseless womanhood. I jumped but my legs couldn't get away from his grip. His hands were pressed against the back of my thighs virtually chaining them to him.

The helplessness in defending myself caused my fingers to claw tightly at his hair. I could only tilt my head up and wail at the ceiling, humping up and down with a grinding motion thanks to the the wall behind my back.

"Oh, God! Albert! Honey! Don't...lick me there! I'm your...ohhh...oohhhh!"

My boy kissed and licked my cunt lovely. He used his firm tongue to pleasure his mother just so wonderfully that it is so hard to describe.

It didn't take long to feel it gathering within me, the great storm of sexual excitement, a furious raging river of passion. My legs quivered, my belly trembled. And then...the explosion.

My body erupted in a mighty orgasm never before felt. Tiny pricks pierced every inch of my skin in rippling ecstasy. I knew I screamed but I was in another world and didn't care of raised eyebrows my squeal could cause in the adjacent suites. The sensation that ripped through my body was so intense that I thought I was dying.

Still in the clutches of the powerful orgasm, my undulating movements inadvertently shoved my ass into my son's face. I felt his tongue slide through the ring of my asshole as he licked me there. The wetness of his tongue against my crack sent me out my mind causing me to explode into another ecstatic orgasm.

Determined not to lose my lover's tongue in my asshole I held myself still except for the inexorable jerks of my lust-filled body by clawing almost brutally at his hair, clinging for dear life and trying to survive the implacable sensation. My head on the wall whipped

from side to side. Waving brown hair totally covered my face. Every part of me was in hot blinding orgasm. My asshole flexed and closed on my lover's tongue as my cunt did. I was squealing in ecstasy.

The waves of the crashing orgasms would not stop. My desire to remain still and just tremble with pleasure was too hard to maintain. I went wild and bucked about harder against my boy's face causing his tongue to slide from my crack to my clit. I thought that would end the cruel and pitiless orgasms. But no! My young lover reached up with his right hand and got his index finger all the way up my virgin asshole in one mighty thrust simultaneously attacking my clit with his mouth. The boy licked his erupting mother wildly and relentlessly as if it was his body that was wracked in orgasm.

"Oh, God! Stop!" trying to draw away from him. "I can't stand it anymore! Oh, oh, please ... no more now! Please, honey! Ohhh, ohhh...my God!"

How daring of me to call the name of God! How could He ever forgive me? At that point all I wanted to do was to slump onto the

floor. But my boy wouldn't let me. He won't. I had to push his head away as I felt so raw down there. When at long last he stopped my head and neck fell and draped over his shoulder. I was totally spent.

Albert's strong hands clutched at my ass and thighs and carried me to the bed. My dress, if it was still there, was in a total mess. We crashed to the bed together making us bounce nearly off its surface. Still I managed to breathe out flaming love words into his ear.

"I've got to have you inside me! You've got to make love to me, honey, or I'll die! I'm on fire! It's all running down my legs now! Ravish me, please! Fuck your mother!"

As he kicked off what remained of his trousers, I enfolded him close, so close to me, spreading my legs for my lover, my son, welcoming the thrust of his potent manhood as it positioned to enter the depths where I once carried him. He was above me, his arms outstretched on either side of my head.

"You're really hot, Mother," he gurgled, digging his hard shaft into my revolving hips.

"Yessss." I sobbed with pleasure. "Your mother is always hot for you, has always been hot for you and will always be hot for... yyyesss! Oh God! Oh! Oh! Ohhhh!"

Albert let his prick find its own way to my insides using his hips to get it into just the right position. Almost to my surprise, he rammed it hard into my soaking wet womanhood. It caused me to gasp out loud as I once more took the full length of a potent young man.

A moment of pause and my horny son went into a lover drive thrusting his hot bone-hard penis in and out of my pussy and fucked the nightlights out of my sight. His balls hanged a good three to four inches and with all his thrusting they came up and whacked my clit.

"Oh Mom, my Mom...I love you...uh! uh!uh."

"Albert, honey! You're making your mother...ohhhh! ohhhh..."

Waves of powerful orgasms were again flowing through me, each wave growing with power. I plunged my belly up and down, the muscles of my stomach rippling. I grunted as I banged my front back and forth, fucking my son in a frenzy. With the non-stop, excruciating ecstasy ripping my body, I fucked him faster and harder, my ass almost flying up and down. His hard boner hammered inside me deeper than ever. It seemed thicker, stretching my pussy lips wider but more sweetly.

My whimpers became little cries of ecstasy, and my ass twisted violently beneath the hammering hips of my son. My legs flexed to hunch my crotch against the pounding maleness. He worked his hips in a savage circling that massaged my convulsing depths, leaving me weak and trembling.

"...my God! ahhhh! ahhhh!"

As I gasped my way to another climax I gyrated my flaming ass in furious pleasure, blow for blow, until my young lover exploded, discharging his racing sperms into my cervix. Fondling his balls I tried to feel how a son's living sperms would shoot out of his manhood to rush inside his mother's shuddering body. My fingers felt the spasms as they fired blast after blast of incestuous sperms. My pussy fought back, milking his balls, squeezing every last drop of the juicy seed flowing through the hard shaft that bolted our bodies together.

When the young man had fully emptied his balls into his mother he let his still hard dick plop out of her, rolled over and lay down by her side. Several minutes passed and both were still breathing heavily, wordless and too weak to even rise up from bed.

Oh, the feeling was just out of this world. Words could not describe how I sighed and luxuriated in the young man's passion as he ravished me, his mother, with intense fury. It was as if all the tension that had built up in his body when we were far apart had suddenly erupted. I was almost sobbing but I was exquisitely aware of how it happened, every second of every minute of it.

We fell asleep without me bothering to call and tell my whereabouts to Mark, my husband and father of the young lover beside me. If Mark could go ballistic each night I was simply out of bed, one could only imagine the rage he would unleash if I was out of home all night. Worse, he couldn't call me as I shut off my cell phone since roaring off my car from home.

I haven't left a word or a message to my husband, neither leaving him any hint of where I'd be spending the night. How could I face him when I'd be home?

At that moment of bliss and rewarding exhaustion I didn't bother to care nor even to think. Albert and I slept, woke up then fucked again. It was an all-night affair of wild and untamed incest.

Chapter Five

As expected, my coming home on a Saturday, the day after my date with my 19-year old son was, to say the least, stormy. How could it be not when I didn't bother to inform my husband Mark of my

whereabouts the whole night and, worse, with my cell phone shut-off? Since it was all my fault, and deliberate at that, I didn't lift a finger to repel his rage.

I absorbed everything that was expelled from his raging chest except to tell him the lie that I was carried away by the fun I had with an all-female group. He wouldn't suspect me of having a lover as he hadn't heard of any, thanks to Bryan, my father-in-law. Moreover, Mark didn't have any previous suspicion at all since Albert, our son, left home to work and to go on his own. After all, I had been a dutiful wife to him.

My mind, however, overflowed with guilt for being unfaithful to my husband. Worse, with my own son-his son. But even if my sense of morality compelled me to feel greater remorse for what I had done, for a deeper sense of betrayal and guilt, as strange as it may seem, I didn't. To be honest, not only did I enjoy sex with my son, I also felt a greater bond with him, as a result.

When all the smoke had cleared, my husband and I returned to our usual marital life. We had sex too, and satisfactory at that, although

the feel of it was not as thunderous as what I had with a young lover, my son. Whenever Mark and I had sex I couldn't help but think of it as a form of making up for my unfaithfulness to him.

Albert continued to communicate with us through emails. At times, he phoned me whenever he knew that his dad was out of the house and at work. When I told him that his grandpa once came over to visit, he was jealous and furious.

He asked me too many questions. Did Bryan hold and kiss my hand, did he dance with me and attach his legs with mine, did we go out for dinner and so on. I couldn't help laughing out loud and feel flattered with his jealousy. Truth is, Bryan was well behaved and had been keeping up with his promise to keep just to the two of us whatever he knew about me and Albert.

The next time my son phoned me I decided to cast a joke at him as a way of letting him know about Bryan's secret.

"Sweetie, now I know that you inherited your fetish from your grandpa."

"Why'd you say that, Mom?"

"He too have that fetish. Only, you have different ways."

"What ways?"

"You have the habit of raiding my laundry hamper. He borrows my robe, asking me directly for it, after I take it off to change."

"To take it home with him?"

"Nope. Just for a few minutes in the bathroom saying that he'd use it before showering."

"That fucking old gheezer!"

"Calm down, sweetie. I can't refuse him. Not for anything else but for the two of us."

"I don't understand that, Mom."

"He knew about us even before you left home to work. I'll tell you the details the next time we meet."

"Okay, Mom, meet we will. I'll teach that old gheezer how not to blackmail my mother. I'll call up later."

He didn't suggest a place to meet as he hurriedly hanged up. I neither thought nor anticipated that he'd take my joke seriously. The next day, he phoned me to say that he filed for an emergency leave of absence for a week. He asked for my permission and his dad's too to stay in his former room.

Our son arrived at his old home as scheduled. He timed his arrival when his dad was at home as he thought it proper. He carried his stuff to his former room before we spent 2 hours on social greetings, dinner, wine and story telling.

If not for certain involuntary glances and occasional calf to calf footsie we played down under, as I sat cross-legged across him at the dinner table, our son's coming home would have looked like a family reunion. On certain aspects it really was. When finally the booze was taking its toll on us, especially to Mark, we decided to call it a day.

My son and I went ahead as his dad dropped by the study for some stuff. As we reached our adjacent doors we inevitably glanced at each other. Albert stepped nearer, pinned me by the wall and covered my mouth with his. Though I was hungry for the kiss I tore off my mouth from his as quickly as I could, although it was so hard for me to go against my own excitement.

"Ummpphh, aahhh...we...we have to be careful." It was me, breathing out the words, staring at him before throwing my glance at the stairway.

"I know. I just, missed you?"

"So did I. Let's just, wait for tomorrow, when we are...he is coming now."

We quickly disengaged as the slam of the study room door sounded. We both rushed inside our respective bedrooms, our loins on fire.

My husband was already in deep sleep while I continued rolling in bed as I could not catch it. I knew Albert was awake too, hoping that his mother would come out of the bedroom. Yes, my loins were

longing for fulfillment but I thought it was too risky to go out of my bedroom at that tense hour.

It already happened once before with the same setting. Although Mark did not see us in the act the suspicion was there. If it would happen again this time he would no longer hesitate to think the unthinkable.

My body heat was simmering and could reach fever-pitch anytime soon so I decided to get out of bed. After stripping I slipped in my long robe to cover my naked body, pulled the flaps together tightly and thought of going out of the bedroom. Fear, however, stopped me right on my tracks.

Albert could be heard going in and out of his bedroom. If I dared open my door at any moment on that tense night, me and my son would instantly copulate like untamed animals. I had no doubt about that. Because of the high risk of getting caught, the other part of me forced me to stay put within the safe confines of our bedroom.

A bitch in heat was what I was that night. Naked beneath my robe I wandered around the bedroom longing for a penetration. The bitch in me so wanted to go out and copulate with my grown-up pup who was just outside the door, waiting to fuck the mother that bore him. Again, I was stopped from opening my door, this time by whatever sanity was left in my human brain.

I stood there, a few feet away from the door, fronting it and wanting to open it but could not muster enough strength to do it. While standing there like a statue, a sudden unexpected occurrence made me feel as if my heart leaped out of my chest, causing me to sound a loud gasp. The door slowly opened by itself.

The room was dark but rays from street lights piercing through the windows made the bedroom door visible. As its slow "automatic" opening reached halfway, Albert appeared. He stood there half naked, looking like an Adonis in briefs, facing his surrogate mom, Aphrodite. We stared at one another, wordless and breathing hard. As he inched nearer, our stares would not break.

My breathing turned heavier when we stood face to face. It was the only sound in the quiet bedroom. Still wordless, he extended his right hand as if offering to take my left. My hand complied. Slowly, it reached up to accept his and, in no time, he was holding my hand.

As he led me slowly out of the bedroom my other hand clasped at my robe to cover my naked body beneath it, as if to fake my descency. As we quietly moved away I looked over my shoulder. Mark was snoring with his back to us.

Our scorching passion never cared of the danger lurking around. The bedroom door had barely closed when me and my son rushed into each others arms. Before we could pause to inch ourselves to a safer spot, our mouths were deeply engrossed in a torrid kissing spree, a kind of kissing that would put to shame the roughest of kissing scenes in Hollywood movies.

The kissing was so intense that I could almost feel steam rising out of our glued faces. Our locked open mouths would break apart for a

few seconds to feed our lungs after which the sucking of tongues and the licking of faces, ears, necks and shoulders would resume.

With my robe slid-down my shoulders my son rained blazing kisses at my torso with his palm cupping my ass over my silk gown. His mouth would work its way down from my face and neck to my shoulders and breasts, lap at at my nipples, down to my belly button then back to my mouth to devour my tongue. All the while his hand would not stop feasting on my squirming ass.

The next time we broke the rough kissing to catch our breaths we managed to gasp breathy words. His hardness was still strongly piercing at my belly as he held my uneasy ass over my robe.

"Honey, let's, aahhh, not do it tonight. There is, aahhh, still tomorrow where, aahhh, we can be all alone."

"I know it, Mom. But apart from tomorrow, I can't last the night, without having you."

"It's, aahhh, too dangerous. We may, ahhh, get killed and, aahhh..."

He covered my opened mouth with his to stop me from gasping for more words. Without breaking the kiss he led me away then pinned me by the side of an empty built-in cabinet about 20 feet away from the bedroom door.

We resumed the torrid kissing and biting as our uninhibited passion could not be tamed even by the most dangerous of dangers. I was biting his ear as he was devouring my bare shoulder when he positioned to penetrate me, standing.

"Noooh...please, let's just, aahhh, kiss. Let's wait, aahhh, aahhh, ohhh my God! Aahhh!"

"Can't...wait for tomorrow...huhhh, huhhh!"

My womanhood was so wet and well-lubricated that Albert was virtually effortless in penetrating the insides of his mother. As his

strong thrusts went deeper my face dropped to rest on his shoulder, biting it to suppress my cries of ecstasy.

His hips were working up at me with such youthful vigor that my clit was blazing under the hammering of his pelvis. When his finger penetrated my ass hole from beneath my robe, my pelvis rotated uncontrollably, arching my back and skewering myself on his hard shaft though it was already deep inside my belly. We lurched and twisted in a frantic race for climax.

At that moment I no longer cared whether or not Mark had risen from bed to find his wife getting fucked by his son in wild abandon. I cared only about hell getting fucked out of me.

"God, I think, I'm ... I'm ... Oh, God, yes, I'm going to come!" I was breathing out the words into his ear. "I'm coming!"

"I'm...I'm coming soon too, Mom! Huuhhh, huuhhh, huuhhh!"

I exploded standing as we continued pumping, gasping and jerking. At that moment of ecstasy I had the feeling that Mark was watching us, could be holding on to his rage and, at any moment, was about to lunge at us for the kill. But my legs continued to jerk about obscenely as my helpless orgasm continued unabated.

I felt my son's phallus ramming my insides to a depth I tried to increase by frantically writhing my impaled ass. His prick jerked, thrilling my intestinal walls with his youthful lunges. His raging sperms spurted into my tissues with a force that made my whole body convulse in a second ecstatic climax that thundered from deep within my pussy.

"Ohhh, God...don't...stop! I'm...still coming!"

"Mom, you're so tight. You're such...a sex goddess. Huuhhh"

Our connected bodies continued to shake and jerk until our orgasms started to subside. Our muscles relaxed as we stood limply, our disconnected bodies still entwined in each other's arms,

panting and perspiring in the exhausting aftermath of a wild incestuous union.

"Aahhh...Aahhh! My God!"

"Haahhh!"

Only when our senses began returning did the thought of Mark's presence shot back into my head. Gasping before twisting my head towards the dark. I saw no one watching us. But it was dark and my vision couldn't be that accurate.

He could be somewhere deep in the dark waiting for the right moment to kill. With that thought me and my son hurriedly disengaged from each other's arms.

Holding on to my messy gown that was about to drop from my thoroughly fucked body, I tip-toed into my bedroom, my ass still doing spasms resulting from post coital sensuality.

I slowly opened the door and, thanks to Satan, Mark was still asleep. How could I say, "thanks to God" after committing this same sin for the umpteenth time?

Could it be that Mark was just feigning sleep after watching us in the dark twisting and jerking in ecstasy? That was playing in mind because he was not snoring as I rushed to the bathroom.

I was back in bed with him but Mark still was not snoring. My heart was beating fast because of fear and apprehension. Worse, the bitch in me had not gone away. The powerful incestuous passion still raged in my belly.

I got out of bed, took another robe to shield my pantied only body then quietly went out of the bedroom, not to meet my son but to spy on Mark if indeed he was awake. It would sound weird that it was me doing the spying this time but that's how it was. I sat alone in the

darkened living room waiting if Mark would get out of bed looking for me or trying to get us caught in the act, "again."

But if he indeed saw us why didn't he lunge at us? With the kind of Mark's person he surely would do it. But then, the fact that he wasn't snoring for a continuous period was puzzling too. He could be awake and that was very probable.

Could it be that he enjoyed watching Albert breed his mother? That also played in my mind but I dismissed it. My husband was not that kind of man.

As I pieced together the puzzle bothering me a sudden loud gasp escaped my mouth forcing me to use my palm to cover it if only to squelch any further sound. A slow creaking sound was heard from upstairs. As it was a quiet night the creaking sounded clearly.

I had prepared myself for a tempestuous confrontation so I just sat there waiting for my husband. To my big surprise it was Albert coming down. He was not half-naked this time but was in his casual

shorts and shirt. He didn't know that I was there thus making him stop right in his tracks when he noticed that someone was in the dark.

"Sheesh, Mom, you scared me. I thought it was a thief."

"I'm making sure that your dad was not awake watching us earlier. He has not been snoring since I tip-toed back into our room. That's unusual and it puzzles me."

"Calm down, Mom, he has been sleeping till now and that's it."

"I have to be sure before my nerves can calm down." I stood up, clasped my robe flaps together to cover whatever was left of my descency and swayed towards the counter. Albert surprised me when he was suddenly on my path, wordless and just staring at me. In a matter of moments, our bodies were locked in a tight embrace, my arms wrapped around his neck, his cupping my ass as always. He really seemed fascinated with the spasms of his mother's

swelling ass. I moaned as he pulled me closer against his rapidly expanding cock.

Our lips met and we kissed roughly and furiously. My tongue slipped into his mouth, and soon we were like mad animals trying to devour each other's hot, wet tongues. I was panting and moaning, and he was grinding his hips against my pantied crotch. He reached up with one hand to grab onto one of my tits. I pulled my mouth from his and groaned.

After what seemed like hours of kissing and licking, we paused for a moment. Breathing hard into each other's faces we stared at one another before resuming the kind of torrid kissing that would make Sharon Stone lose her acting job. All the while he hadn't stopped rubbing my spasming ass.

His hand moved up to my waist as he pulled me around until my ass fell into the couch. He positioned himself beside and we sat down facing each other, he on my left. We locked stares for a moment before we slowly leaned in and went at it again.

As we continued making out passionately, I ran my hands up his youthful arms and to his muscular shoulders. I kissed him with more aggression as his young body felt so powerful against my firm tits.

With a powerful tug at my rib cage, Albert lifted me up against him and dropped my pantied ass in his lap putting my tits at his eye level as I faced him. It was then when I felt in my bottom the enormous bulge in his shorts.

"Honey, aahhh, aren't you worried at all that your dad may be, aahhh, watching us?"

"If we get caught, we get caught. I just can't stop myself tonight."

"We still have tomorrow and, aahhh, more days after. If we get caught tonight it will put everything to an end, probably including our, aahhh...lives."

"You're such a sexy mother. The thought alone is so powerful. I can't wait, Mom."

I leaned down to face him, clasped tightly at his hair and kissed him with such passion forcing his face to tilt up and get completely covered with brown hair. The mouth lock lasted for so long that our lungs cried out for attention but were ignored until a creaking sound was heard from upstairs. Instantly, my senses took over.

"Umpphwaaahh, aaahhhh, my God! he will...see us," breathing it out as I lifted my face from his then immediately throwing my glance at the stairway. I jumped up from his lap, hurriedly putting back my robe over my shoulders and clasped tightly at it. Thanks heaven I still had my panties on although I knew that my hair was disheveled and mussed.

Albert stayed in his seat but was restless because of the hard-on tenting his shorts. I had to immediately come to his rescue. I grabbed an afghan from a nearby seat and threw it at him to use.

Clasping at my robe I walked towards the counter pretending to pour drinks. I quickly offered a glass to Albert and we both quickly pretended to sip.

Moments passed and my husband was nowhere around near us. Perhaps, I thought, he was trying to locate me or us upstairs by eavesdropping for noises at our son's bedroom and at the spare room.

Whatever, I quietly ran upstairs leaving my son behind, his insistent hard on still bothering him.

"Stay here, honey."

"Careful, Mom, it's dark."

True to my thoughts Mark was not in the bedroom when I quietly tip-toed in. I heaved a sigh of relief before walking into the safety of the bathroom. Outracing him to our bedroom made me feel safe.

When I come out I'd have all the replies to his interrogation, or so I thought.